



1,001 NIGHTS

by **EMMA BEEBY & GORDON RENNIE**
with **JONATHAN BARNES** and **CATHERINE HARVEY**

MAIN SEQUENCE:

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

Time traveller.

NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON

Time traveller's companion.

SULTAN:

(C 40s) Seemingly benevolent ruler of a desert city.

OLD MAN:

(60+) Plausibly older version of the same man.

NAZAR:

The Sultan's bodyguard.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

GANTHA x 2:

Spindly aliens.

CRYING WOMAN:

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

ALIEN NURSE:

ALSO: JAILER; GUARDS; HANDMAIDENS; STALLHOLDERS.

STORY 1: MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

PRISONER:

WARDER:

STORY 2: THE INTERPLANETARIAN

ELIZABETH SPINNAKER:

30s. Courageous Victorian lady.

HILL:

30s. Butler. Loyal, intelligent, repressed.

STORY 3: SMUGGLING TALES

BALLADEER:

A gloomy plagiarist.

BESSIE:

A feisty, cunning tavern keeper.

LOTTIE:

A mad old woman... who's more than she appears.

ARCHIE:

A pugnacious man.

ALSO: PUNTERS.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2012

PART ONE

SCENE 1: EXT. RAVINE (FANTASY SEQUENCE)

(NB: THIS FANTASY SEQUENCE IS ACCOMPANIED BY SUITABLY MELODRAMATIC MUSIC & HEIGHTENED '1940s PICTURE SHOW' STYLE DELIVERY. THIS IS NYSSA'S FICTIONAL ACCOUNT OF HOW THINGS HAPPENED.)

(FX: DISTANT ROARING, STOMPING OF A HUGE MONSTER MADE OF ROCK, CHASING AFTER THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA – WHO RUN TO A STOP)

DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS) Run ahead, Nyssa! I can deal with this rock monster alone.

NYSSA:

(BREATHLESS) No, Doctor! It'll kill you!

(FX: OFF, MONSTER STOPS BRIEFLY TO SHATTER ROCKS)

DOCTOR:

It'll try.

(FX: OFF, MONSTER STOMPS ON – TOWARDS THEM)

NYSSA:

Please. We can still make it to the Carpet!

DOCTOR:

The people of this province – they need me, Nyssa. If I am destined to meet my end in their service – well, then, I shall face my fate smiling. I still have my spells, remember.

NYSSA:

But will your magic be enough?

(FX: HUGE MONSTER ROAR)

DOCTOR:

We'll find out, won't we? Go, Nyssa. The Carpet is yours to fly now. Go. Go!

(FX: NYSSA RUSHES AWAY. MONSTER NEARLY ON THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Now, let's see if I can remember this right. (ALOUD) Rock monster, I command you! I command you to [stop]

(FX: MONSTER ROARS HUGELY. TREMENDOUS SMASH OF ROCKS, FALLING RUBBLE. CROSS TO A LITTLE WAY DISTANT)

NYSSA:

(STOPPING, TURNING) Doctor?! Doctor-!!!

(FX: MONSTER HOWLS IN TRIUMPH, OFF)

NYSSA:

(TO SELF) I can still save him. The power of the Carpet can save him! (ALOUD) Carpet – unfurl!

(FX: THWUMP AS MAGIC CARPET UNFURLS ITSELF)

NYSSA:

(JUMPING ONTO CARPET) Carpet, hear me! Fly, Carpet! Fly!

(FX: WHOOSH OF CARPET TAKING OFF. MUSIC RISES... THEN HARSH CUT TO:)

SCENE 2: INT. THRONE ROOM

(NB: WE ARE BACK TO NATURALISM NOW)

(FX: EXOTIC SULTAN'S THRONE ROOM. THE SLIGHT TINKLE OF JEWELLED WINDCHIMES, PLUSH SILK CUSHIONS, MARBLE FLOORS)

SULTAN:

(SILKY) And what happened next, girl?

NYSSA:

(UNSURE) Well, I – I knew I had to get to the Doctor, your highness.

SULTAN:

So you flew over the ravine.

NYSSA:

Yes, sort of.

SULTAN:

On your magic carpet.

NYSSA:

It's not exactly a magic carpet, but [close enough] –

SULTAN:

Just like a little bird..

(FX: LOW SNICKERING OF SURROUNDING GUARDS & HANDMAIDENS UNDER:)

NYSSA:

If I hadn't, you see, the rock monster would... well, it would have [killed the Doctor]

SULTAN:

(HARSH) Enough!

(FX: HE CLAPS HIS HANDS. EVERYONE FALLS SUDDENLY SILENT)

SULTAN:

It seems we have a hero in our dungeons. A slayer of demons, like in the tales we heard at our grandmother's knee. He rides a flying carpet and he knows no fear. Yes?

NYSSA:

Please, honoured Sultan, I was just trying to explain in words you'd understand..

SULTAN:

You think me stupid?

NYSSA:

No!

SULTAN:

Ah. Then you intended to deceive me?

NYSSA:

No! I told you – my only purpose in coming here was to ask for you to release the Doctor.

SULTAN:

Yes, this 'Doctor'. A common thief.

NYSSA:

He's no thief. He was just searching for something. If he doesn't find it soon – well, we'll all be in terrible danger!

SULTAN:

This man broke into my palace. Not to steal, you say, but to stop 'demons' from coming here.

NYSSA:

Demons, yes!

SULTAN:

(ASIDE) Have my guards seen any demons? Nazar?

(FX: MORE LOW SNICKERS)

NAZAR:

No, your magnificence.

SULTAN:

(TO NYSSA) Then, girl, this story of yours is the only evidence you can give me that your Doctor is a demon-slayer.

NYSSA:

I suppose.

SULTAN:

From another world.

(FX: GIGGLING BREAKS OUT AMONGST THE COURT)

NYSSA:

Your highness..

SULTAN:

A world where carpets fly?

(FX: LOUDER LAUGHTER THROUGH:)

NYSSA:

I'm sorry, honoured Sultan. I didn't mean to insult your intelligence –

(FX: SULTAN CLAPS HIS HANDS. LAUGHTER STOPS)

SULTAN:

This city did not become great because its Sultan is ignorant. This may be how you convinced my guards to let you pass, but you should have thought better than to try to fool me.

NAZAR:

Your excellency, my apologies. The guards thought her stories would amuse you.

SULTAN:

If I wanted amusement, I would have asked her to dance. (THE THOUGHT OCCURS TO HIM. EAGERLY:) You don't dance, do you, girl?

NYSSA:

No.

SULTAN:

(SADLY) No. (BEAT) Take her away, Nazar. Then call for the executioner. It's time we cut this thieving 'Doctor' down to size.

NAZAR:

As you command, O Wise Sultan.

NYSSA:

(SEIZED BY GUARDS) Executioner?! No, you can't!

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 3: INT. DUNGEON – CELL

(FX: FADE UP. FROM THE FAR SIDE OF A STONE WALL – I.E. THE ADJACENT CELL – WE HEAR THE MUFFLED GRUNTS OF THE DOCTOR PUSHING AGAINST A HEAVY STONE BLOCK, WHICH SCRAPES AGAINST STONE. EFFORT, SCRAPE; EFFORT, SCRAPE; EFFORT... THEN STONE SCRAPES THROUGH HOLE, HITTING THE FLOOR ON OUR SIDE)

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Ha! Stone walls do not a prison make! Now... looks big enough, I should be able to just (SQUEEZING THROUGH HOLE IN WALL) squeeze through...

(FX: TUMBLES THROUGH HOLE)

DOCTOR:

Ah. (GETTING UP) Not quite what I'd hoped for.

OLD MAN:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) And what is the meaning of this intrusion?

DOCTOR:

(STARTLED) Oh! Terribly sorry, didn't see you in the dark.
(WALKING FORWARD) Hello, I'm the [Doctor.]

OLD MAN:

If you're here to kill me, I warn you – I have a dozen guards outside! (STARTS TO CALL) [Guards-!]

DOCTOR:

Please, don't! I was just trying to liberate myself by breaking through the wall of my cell. Only I seem to have ended up in yours.

OLD MAN:

(SHOCKED) You came from the dungeons?

DOCTOR:

Rather poorly designed dungeons, unfortunately. This should be a corridor. I'm good with corridors.

OLD MAN:

You're a criminal?!

(FX: HE RUSHES TO DOOR, BATTERS AGAINST HEAVY WOOD THROUGH:)

OLD MAN:

Guards! Help! There's a criminal, here in my room! Help!!!

DOCTOR:

Please, there's really no need to raise the alarm –

OLD MAN:
Help! Help!!!

(FX: FROM BEHIND DOOR, JAILER'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

DOCTOR:
Tell you what, why don't I just slip back the way I came –

OLD MAN:
Hurry! A criminal! (FADING WITH EFFORT) In here...!

(FX: FROM BEHIND DOOR, FOOTSTEPS STOP. A GRILLE SLIDES OPEN.)

JAILER:
(THROUGH GRILLE, SARCASTIC) Of course there's a criminal in your room, 'your highness'. That's why this door's locked. Now keep it down!

(FX: THE GRILLE IS SLID SHUT HARSHLY. FOOTSTEPS LEAVING, OFF)

OLD MAN:
(COUGHING, ILL) But – but you can't! (COUGHING)

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING TO HELP) You're not well. Here, let me help you.

OLD MAN:
So disrespectful...

DOCTOR:
You need to lie down. Come on: over to the bed.

(FX: SCUFFLE OF FOOTSTEPS AS DOCTOR HELPS SETTLE OLD MAN ON BUNK)

OLD MAN:
Thank you. A curious world, is it not, when criminals are kinder than those supposed to protect one from criminals?

DOCTOR:
I'm not a criminal, I'm the Doctor.

OLD MAN:
(WEAK) A doctor? Yes, I asked for a doctor. I get so tired these days...

DOCTOR:
Just try to rest. You'll be alright.

OLD MAN:
(WEAK) The Sultan never rests.

DOCTOR:

(GETS UP TO FEEL THE WALLS) A corner cell, that was my mistake. The corridor's behind this wall, I think. (FX: TAPPING ON STONE. DISTRACTED:) What was that about the Sultan?

OLD MAN:

Getting old. So very, very old.

DOCTOR:

Older but not wiser. (FX: MORE TAPPING ON STONE) He wouldn't listen to a word I said: just blocked his ears and had me thrown me in here.

OLD MAN:

Perhaps, Doctor, you should explain to him how you came to be here, and he might look more kindly on your intrusion?

DOCTOR:

(FX: STILL TAPPING) Anyone who condemns a sick man like you to this sort of squalor can't be reasoned with. (STOPS TAPPING) I only hope Nyssa isn't foolish enough to try.

OLD MAN:

Squalor? There isn't a chamber to equal this in the whole Arabian Peninsula. They say that that inveterate sybarite, the Caliph, has installed spies in the palace purely to send back secret drawings of this chamber for the Caliph's architects to copy.

DOCTOR:

Well at least you've not lost your sense of humour.

OLD MAN:

(IGNORING THIS) I can well believe it, too. See the lining on the walls? Gold leaf, with a turquoise inlay, to catch the glimmer of the sun. The window you climbed through, Doctor, is almost as pretty as the view, don't you think?

DOCTOR:

Window-? You mean the hole I made in the wall?

OLD MAN:

You're a physician, you say? Forgive me if I seemed a little confused when you arrived. My guards – they should have announced you.

DOCTOR:

(REALIZING HE'S MAD) Ah. You think you're the Sultan, don't you?

OLD MAN:

Why – yes, Doctor. Who else would I be?

SCENE 4: INT. THRONE ROOM

(FX: NYSSA IS HELD BY GUARDS)

NYSSA:

(STRUGGLING) Please, Sultan – I'm telling the truth!

SULTAN:

Take her away, Nazar, lest her madness be infectious.

NAZAR:

Of course, your majesty. (TO GUARD) Guards: remove the female.

NYSSA:

(STRUGGLING) You say you're not ignorant, your highness. Well I say you are – and wilfully so, for you choose not to listen!

(FX: INTAKES OF BREATH FROM GUARDS & HANDMAIDENS)

There are other worlds, and we travel between them!

NAZAR:

Noble Sultan, let me slay her on the spot! (FX: DRAWING HIS SWORD) Her blood shall water the roses in the palace garden.

SULTAN:

No. Wait. Guards – out. You handmaidens, too. I would speak more with this creature.

(FX: THE GUARDS & HANDMAIDENS BEGIN TO LEAVE)

You too, Nazar. Leave me your sword for protection.

NAZAR:

Surely your excellency cannot believe her lies?

SULTAN:

Don't tell me what I can and cannot do, Nazar. Now: out!

NAZAR:

(HANDING OVER HIS SWORD & OBEYING) Your majesty.

(FX: NAZAR FOLLOWS THE OTHERS. HEAVY DOOR SHUTTING)

NYSSA:

Why did you send them away?

SULTAN:

What? Let them stay and have the secrets of the stars overheard by illiterate guards and fawning girls? No. Now, relieve me of my ignorance or I shall use Nazar's sword to relieve you of your pretty head. You have been to other worlds, you say?

NYSSA:

Yes.

SULTAN:

And these demons you claim are coming here – they are from other worlds too?

NYSSA:

There's a beacon – a device which transmits a signal, like a mirror flashing from a mountain top – hidden somewhere in this building. It belongs to a species called the Gantha. They were paid to come to this world and find something of great value. Whatever it was, they found it here, in your palace – and they activated their beacon the moment they discovered it.

SULTAN:

Then these 'Gantha' are the demons of which you speak?

NYSSA:

No. They're just muscle for hire: intergalactic thugs. They found whatever it was and cleared out. Their beacon is summoning whoever hired them, so they might retrieve it. Those are the 'demons'.

SULTAN:

I see. So which of my treasures are they coming for?

NYSSA:

(FRUSTRATED) That's what the Doctor was trying to find out! We don't know what it is, or who is coming.

SULTAN:

I understand now why you made up a story about flying carpets.

NYSSA:

The Gantha only work for the worst kind of monsters. We need to find and deactivate that beacon – then you and your palace will be out of danger. Please, your highness: this isn't a fairytale.

SULTAN:

(BEAT) Very well. I believe you.

NYSSA:

Then you'll release the Doctor?

SULTAN:

No. Not yet.

NYSSA:

Why not?

SULTAN:

This 'beacon' can wait. Demons may ride on the wings of night, but I doubt even they could cross the stars in a mere matter of hours. We have time. Besides, I want to hear more about these other worlds. About you... and your 'Doctor'.

NYSSA:

We can tell you afterwards. Both of us!

SULTAN:

I'd prefer to be told now – and by you.

NYSSA:

Why?

SULTAN:

My guards were right: I do want amusement. You have heard of Shaharazad, who spent one thousand and one nights telling stories to her Sultan to save the life of another?

NYSSA:

A thousand and one nights-?!

SULTAN:

I doubt I will keep you as long as that.

NYSSA:

This is preposterous!

SULTAN:

Preposterous or not, it's the only way to save your precious Doctor. I shall stay his execution just so long as you keep me amused. And who knows? If I like your stories enough, I may even release the fellow.

NYSSA:

And if you don't?

SULTAN:

Then the Doctor dies and you take his place in the dungeons.

NYSSA:

The Doctor says you can tell a lot about a man by the way he treats his prisoners.

SULTAN:

It seems to me that a man like the Doctor can be no stranger to a prison cell.

NYSSA:

That's true enough. There was this one world we visited, not long ago – (CUTTING HERSELF SHORT) No, I'm not playing your stupid game.

SULTAN:

Come, Nyssa. Just one story, then I'll release the Doctor and we can find this beacon of yours. I promise.

NYSSA:

How can I trust you?

SULTAN:

You can't afford not to. Now, tell me about this other world. Why did you go there?

NYSSA:

We didn't mean to. The TARDIS – our ship – it just took us there by accident. (FX: BEGIN CROSSFADE TO NEXT SCENE:) I'd never seen anywhere so desolate. It wasn't even a real world; just an asteroid in the middle of space, as far as it could be from life or warmth or hope..

STORY 1: MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

SCENE 5: EXT. ALIEN PLANET – PRISON YARD

(FX: BLEAK, WINDSWEPT ATMOS. TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS)

NYSSA:

(FROM WITHIN THE TARDIS) You're quite sure this outfit isn't a little too showy? (EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS. ABRUPT REALISATION) Oh.

DOCTOR:

(FROM WITHIN) Nothing's too showy for the grand coronation of the High Hierophant of the Five Revealed Truths! (EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS. ABRUPT REALISATION) Oh.

NYSSA:

We're not at the Celestial Basilica, are we?

DOCTOR:

Apparently not.

NYSSA:

Then where are we?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. A remote outpost, maybe? Or some kind of fortress. Not exactly bustling with life.

NYSSA:

It's a prison, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

I admit, the fifty-foot-high perimeter wall does tend to give that impression.

NYSSA:

I had enough of prisons on Folly. Can we go?

PRISONER:

(FAINT, ECHOING FROM DISTANCE) Help! Please help me!

DOCTOR:

Did you hear that?

NYSSA:

(WARNINGLY – THIS ISN'T THEIR PROBLEM) Doctor... The coronation of the High Hierophant, remember? Perfumed rain falling from clouds sown with powdered diamonds – you wouldn't want to miss that.

DOCTOR:

I've had the invitation for the last three hundred years,
Nyssa.

PRISONER:

(FAINT, ECHOING FROM DISTANCE) He wants to kill me-! Please!

DOCTOR:

I can wait a little longer. (FX: HE CLOSES THE TARDIS DOOR)
Come on!

(FX: THEY EXIT HURRIEDLY.)

SCENE 6: INT. PRISON – CORRIDOR/EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: MUFFLED ANGRY ENERGY CRACKLE FROM BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR. DOCTOR & NYSSA'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS RUN UP.)

PRISONER:

(FROM WITHIN; TORTURED) It burns...! Make it stop!

NYSSA:

(LOUDLY) It's alright, we're here! (TO THE DOCTOR) Doctor, the door -

DOCTOR:

(FRANTICALLY PRESSING BUTTONS) A logarithmic key combination. This might take a little time -

(FX: ANOTHER ENERGY CRACKLE)

PRISONER:

(SCREAMS FROM WITHIN)

DOCTOR:

(TRIUMPHANTLY) Aha! (A RUDE 'ERROR' BLEEP) Ah.

NYSSA:

Here, let me try. You never were any good with logarithms.

(FX: NYSSA BEGINS PRESSING KEYS ON THE DOOR LOCK PAD)

DOCTOR:

I'll have you know I was first [in my class] -

(FX: CONFIRMATION BLEEP FROM PAD)

Oh.

(FX: CLANG OF HEAVY METAL DOOR OPENING)

PRISONER:

(IN PAIN) At last. Please... make it [stop!] (FX: ENERGY CRACKLE) (GASPS)

NYSSA:

(RUSHING IN) What is this thing?

DOCTOR:

An electric chair. High voltage passes through the conducting plates and electrocutes the occupant.

NYSSA:

Why would anyone make such a thing?

PRISONER:

(GRITTED TEETH) To torture me, of course – (FX: ENERGY CRACKLE) (GASPS)

DOCTOR:

How lucky you were, Nyssa, to grow up in the civilized serenity of the Traken Union. (STEPPING FORWARD) But there's a whole universe of horrors beyond – (WALKS INTO FORCEFIELD) (FX: SHIMMERING HUM AS HE DOES SO. IN PAIN) Ow!

NYSSA:

A force field?

DOCTOR:

Surrounding the inner chamber.

(FX: CRACKLE)

PRISONER:

(IN PAIN) Please! He's going to kill me!

NYSSA:

There must be something we can do!

DOCTOR:

(FX: HUM INCREASES AS HE PUSHES AGAINST FIELD, DECREASES AS HE RELAXES. IT HURTS TO DO SO) Interesting. You see the positrons rushing to resist my hand when I push against it?

NYSSA:

Doesn't that hurt?

DOCTOR:

Yes. You try it.

NYSSA:

It's all right: I believe you.

DOCTOR:

Just do it. Please.

NYSSA:

(EFFORT. HUM INCREASES. IN PAIN) You're right: it does hurt.

DOCTOR:

Keep pushing – hard as you can. See? The positrons are swarming to resist you now.

NYSSA:

(EFFORT. IN PAIN) I take it there's a reason I'm doing this.

DOCTOR:

It's a fixed-atom force field, designed to repel entry at a single point only. Your pushing there creates a weaker point elsewhere in the field. (BEGINS PUSHING AT ANOTHER SPOT. IN PAIN, PUSHING THROUGH THE FORCEFIELD LIKE PASSING THROUGH JELLY) Weak enough... for me... to squeeze through..

(FX: SMALL ANGRY HUM AS HE DOES SO)

Done it!

NYSSA:

(STILL PUSHING. IN PAIN) Can I stop now?

DOCTOR:

Sorry – yes.

(FX: AS NYSSA RELAXES, HUM RECEDES)

NYSSA:

Good. Give me a moment to recover – then I'll let you both out.

DOCTOR:

You can't, I'm afraid. The trick only works if both parties are on the same side of the force field.

(FX: A SPARK OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR)

PRISONER:

(YELLS OUT)

DOCTOR:

And this fellow would never survive the process.

NYSSA:

So you're stuck inside the force field?

DOCTOR:

Temporarily. Which is why I need you to find out where it's being powered from, and shut it down. I'll see if I can undo these restraints while you're gone.

PRISONER:

(PAIN. PANTING. EXHAUSTED) There's a control room, below ground. Two floors down, red door – (FX: CRACKLE) (CRIES OUT)

NYSSA:

I'll find it. (EXITING) I'll be back as soon as I can, Doctor!

PRISONER:

(IN PAIN) Quick, before he comes back!

DOCTOR:

(UNDOING RESTRAINTS) Just hold still, I need to time releasing the manacles in between successive [shocks-]

(FX: CRACKLE)

DOCTOR/PRISONER:

(CRY OUT, SHOCKED SIMULTANEOUSLY)

SCENE 7: INT. PRISON – CORRIDOR

(FX: NYSSA HURRYING DOWN METAL STEPS)

NYSSA:

(ONTO LOWER LEVEL) Level Minus Two. Now... red door, red door... I think I'll try down [here]- (SUDDENLY GRABBED) Aah!

WARDEN:

(BEHIND HER, HOLDING ON) Who are you? What are you doing here?

NYSSA:

(STRUGGLING) Let me go and I'll tell you!

WARDEN:

Oh, you'll tell me alright. (FX: PRODUCES JANGLING SHACKLE)
Head still, if you don't want the collar to choke you –

NYSSA:

(STRUGGLING) What are you doing?

WARDEN:

I said, head still!

(FX: SNAP OF COLLAR ROUND NYSSA'S NECK, ENERGY HUM)

WARDEN:

(RELEASING NYSSA) There, that's better.

NYSSA:

(GASPING) Get this – thing off me!

WARDEN:

Careful. It doesn't do to tamper with a compliance collar.

NYSSA:

A what?

WARDEN:

A compliance collar. It ensures you tell the truth.

NYSSA:

(DISMISSIVE) And how exactly does it do that?

WARDEN:

By passing 10,000 volts through your brain, should it detect a lie. Now: who you are, and what you're doing here.

NYSSA:

My name's Nyssa. I just arrived here, with my friend the Doctor –

WARDEN:

And where is this Doctor?

NYSSA:

Upstairs.

WARDEN:

With the prisoner?

NYSSA:

The man you're torturing, yes. We're trying to free him.

WARDEN:

You what?

NYSSA:

He's in agony – screaming for his life! What you're doing is inhuman!

WARDEN:

You stupid [idiots]- (CUTS HIMSELF OFF). Have you any idea of what you've done? Come on! (GRABS HER)

NYSSA:

Where are we going?

WARDEN:

To the control room. There's a communicator in there.

NYSSA:

You're wasting your time. You'll never talk the Doctor into condoning torture.

WARDEN:

(HURRYING, DRAGGING HER) It's not him I want to talk to. If this Doctor friend of yours is in the cell with that thing, he's already as good as dead.

SCENE 8: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: FORCE FIELD ENERGY HUM. CHAINS AND RESTRAINTS FALLING TO FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

There. Not bad for a man with singed fingers. Must remember to thank dear old Harry Houdini for the lock-picking tips. Can you stand?

PRISONER:

(GETTING UP) I... I think so. We have to get out of here before..

DOCTOR:

Before 'he' comes back, I know. Don't worry, Nyssa'll soon have that force field turned off. I'm the Doctor, by the way.

(FX: CRACKLE OF INTERCOM CHANNEL OPENING)

NYSSA:

(ON INTERCOM) Doctor? Can you hear me?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! What's happening with the force field?

NYSSA:

(ON INTERCOM) Doctor, there's someone else here –

PRISONER:

It's him! I told you!

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) Doctor, this is the warden speaking. The prisoner you're with is a dangerous criminal.

PRISONER:

Don't listen to him!

DOCTOR:

Dangerous or not, nothing this man has done can justify such barbaric treatment!

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) Ask him, Doctor. Ask that creature what he did. (CHUCKLE) But be quick about it – you don't have much time.

(FX: OMINOUS CHIME.)

PRISONER:

Oh no, no!

NYSSA:

(ON INTERCOM) What's that noise?

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) The execution protocol has been activated. The clock is ticking, creature.

DOCTOR:

Execution?!

SCENE 9: INT. PRISON – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: GENTLE HUM OF SOPHISTICATED ELECTRONIC MACHINERY)

DOCTOR:

(OVER THE INTERCOM) Warden this is madness. I demand [to see]

(FX: WITH A FLICK THE WARDEN SWITCHES OFF THE INTERCOM)

WARDEN:

Best not to hear what's about to happen.

NYSSA:

What do you mean 'Execution Protocol'?

WARDEN:

It's an automated failsafe, designed for security breaches such as this. The force field surrounding that creature has begun to contract. In less than six minutes' time, it'll be smaller than he is. He'll be crushed to death.

NYSSA:

But the Doctor's in there!

WARDEN:

(THOUGHTFUL) You're right: that does make a difference.

NYSSA:

You're going to let him go?

WARDEN:

No, I was just pondering the physics: the added mass means death will come sooner. (FX: PRESSING BUTTONS) In four minutes, fifty-six seconds, to be precise.

NYSSA:

But the Doctor hasn't done anything! You're murdering an innocent man!

WARDEN:

Innocent? He tried to free a highly dangerous criminal. He interfered with due process.

NYSSA:

You can't just execute him!

WARDEN:

I've no choice! You know as well as I do that we can't risk that creature getting out!

NYSSA:

Why? Who is he? What's he done?

WARDEN:

(AMAZED) You really don't know who the prisoner is, do you?

NYSSA:

No, I really don't know who the prisoner is – and neither does the Doctor!

WARDEN:

Remarkable! The compliance collar hasn't shocked you. (LAUGHS)
You're telling the truth!

NYSSA:

I find precious little to laugh at. So tell me: who is this dangerous villain?

WARDEN:

It's the Miaxa. Yes, girl, your friend's locked in there with one of the wickedest monsters in creation. Now do you see what you've done?

SCENE 10: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: BUZZ/HUM OF FORCEFIELD BECOMES GRADUALLY CLOSER THROUGHOUT SUBSEQUENT EXECUTION CHAMBER SCENES)

DOCTOR:

(A BUZZ AS THE DOCTOR BURNS HIS HAND ON THE FORCE FIELD.) Ow! That forcefield's getting closer. (LOUDLY) Hello? Look, if I'm to be crushed to my constituent atoms along with this man, can I at least ask why?

PRISONER:

He won't answer. He never does.

DOCTOR:

Maybe someone else will. There must be other people here: guards.

PRISONER:

No-one. Only him. And me.

DOCTOR:

That's all? A prison at the edge of nowhere, with only one prisoner and one jailer? (THE THOUGHT OCCURS TO HIM) How long have you been here?

PRISONER:

I... I don't know. He won't tell me. He just keeps on tormenting me. Torturing me. Telling me to confess.

DOCTOR:

Confess? To what?

PRISONER:

I don't know! He never tells me. Oh, Doctor, if you only knew the things he's done to me, time and time again! Over and over, until... (STARTS SOBBING) until I die.

DOCTOR:

Until what?

PRISONER:

Don't you see? This has happened before. I've died in this room, time and time again. And I don't know why. He never tells me. Don't you understand? He's calls me a monster – but it's he who's the monster, not me.

SCENE 11: INT. PRISON – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: AS BEFORE. LITTLE Bleeps AS THE WARDEN CHECKS THE COUNTDOWN)

WARDEN:

Three minutes nine seconds now.

NYSSA:

Who is he, this Miaxa?

WARDEN:

He created an empire. The Most Serene Blightstar Hegemony. An alliance such as the universe had never before witnessed. Ten thousand worlds united, in peace and prosperity.

NYSSA:

Well, how's that a crime?

WARDEN:

He destroyed it – just like that. (CLICKS HIS FINGERS) Plunged it into war. Thousands of once-thriving planets are now just lifeless rock, orbiting dead stars. So many worlds, so many dead. The legacy of the Miaxa.

NYSSA:

And it's your job to make sure he pays?

WARDEN:

I am the Warden. He is the prisoner. He must be made to confess. He must be punished for his crimes.

NYSSA:

On whose authority? Who put you in charge here?

WARDEN:

(DOUBTS CREEPING IN) I... I am the Warden. I have always been in charge. You're trying to confuse me. You and your Doctor, you're working for him, aren't you? He brought you here. To help him escape.

NYSSA:

You know that's not true.

(FX: NYSSA STARTS PRESSING BUTTONS)

WARDEN:

What are you doing?

NYSSA:

(STILL OPERATING) Pausing the countdown.

WARDEN:

You can't do that! You must comply!

NYSSA:

Must I? (FINAL FLICK OF A SWITCH) There: countdown paused at one minute forty-eight seconds.

WARDEN:

That collar... it must be faulty.

NYSSA:

Look, I am innocent! The Doctor is innocent! So what makes you sure your prisoner's not innocent, too?

WARDEN:

The things he did. He has to remember them. He has to confess. He has to accept his share of the guilt.

NYSSA:

What do you mean 'his share of the guilt'?

SCENE 12: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: BUZZ/HUM OF FORCEFIELD CLOSE, BUT NOT CONTRACTING)

DOCTOR:

The force field: it's stopped contracting!

PRISONER:

He's done that before – the Warden. He likes to draw it out.

DOCTOR:

Tell me: how is it you can remember being executed?

PRISONER:

I– I don't know...

DOCTOR:

Well, let's start with what you do know: what's your name?

PRISONER:

I don't know.

DOCTOR:

Very well. The Warden – what's his name?

PRISONER:

That I do know. He is called the Miaxa.

DOCTOR:

(WITH REALIZATION) The Miaxa? Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm so very sorry.

(FX: THE INTERCOM SPRINGS TO LIFE)

NYSSA:

(ON INTERCOM) Doctor, can you hear me?

(FX: CROSS TO)

SCENE 13: INT. PRISON – CONTROL ROOM

NYSSA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(ON INTERCOM) I hear you, Nyssa! Listen to me: the prisoner with me—

NYSSA:

(INTERRUPTING) Yes, I know. He's some kind of war criminal called the Miaxa.

DOCTOR:

(ON INTERCOM) I'm afraid it's rather more complicated than that. The Warden – is he still there?

NYSSA:

(PROMPTING HIM) Warden?

WARDEN:

I'm here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(ON INTERCOM) Then listen very carefully..

SCENE 14: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: BUZZ/HUM OF FORCEFIELD AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

... the Miaxa was the ruler of a great empire, but the time of that empire was millennia ago. Thousands of years in the past – do you understand, Warden?

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) Go on, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

He ruled wisely and benignly, but there was a war.

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) Started by him!

DOCTOR:

Started by his own madness. The Miaxa belonged to a race of powerful psychics, but something unbalanced his mind. What it was, no one knows, but once started it couldn't be stopped. It grew. And the Miaxa's insanity manifested itself in a very particular way.

NYSSA:

(ON INTERCOM) What way?

DOCTOR:

He had a split personality, Nyssa: seriously split. Eventually, one part of that mind – the sane part – won, and managed to bring the war to an end.

PRISONER:

I... I remember.

SCENE 15: INT. PRISON – CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:

(ON INTERCOM) But it was weak and damaged, afraid of its darker side. Scared of its own madness.

WARDEN:

These are fairy tales!

DOCTOR:

(ON INTERCOM) So it hid itself away where it thought it would never be found: at the edge of the known universe.

WARDEN:

(QUIETLY) No...

SCENE 16: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: BUZZ/HUM OF FORCEFIELD AS BEFORE)

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) Because of the Miaxa's immense psychic powers, its separate personalities began to take on physical manifestations. Thought became flesh. So it built a prison to hold itself, to protect the rest of the universe from its own insanity.

PRISONER:

(REMEMBERING) A prison, yes!

DOCTOR:

But something went wrong. The insane part became dominant again, and re-took control, imprisoning its other self, torturing it, killing it, again and again and again. Enraged that it alone had to bear the guilt for the crimes they had committed together!

WARDEN:

(ON INTERCOM) Lies! Lies! You are his accomplices!

PRISONER:

No. The Doctor and the girl are innocent. He is telling the truth and you know it! You are the Miaxa. I am the Miaxa. We are one and the same!

(FX: CROSS TO)

SCENE 17: INT. PRISON – CONTROL ROOM

PRISONER:

(ON INTERCOM) We are the Miaxa!

(FX: THE WARDEN FLICKS SWITCHES)

NYSSA:

What are you doing?

WARDEN:

Restarting the countdown.

NYSSA:

You can't do that! You'll kill them!

(FX: THE COUNTDOWN RESUMES)

WARDEN:

I know. Come with me. (GRABS NYSSA)

NYSSA:

(BEING GRABBED) You're insane!

SCENE 18: INT. PRISON – EXECUTION CHAMBER

(FX: BUZZ/HUM OF FORCE FIELD BY NOW OVERWHELMINGLY CLOSE)

PRISONER:

(CONSTRICTED) We are sorry, Doctor. You did not deserve to die for our crimes.

DOCTOR:

(CONSTRICTED) I think things are about to get rather unpleasant in here.

(FX: CLANG OF DOOR OPENING, BEHIND FIELD. WARDEN & NYSSA RUSHING IN)

WARDEN:

(STRIDING FORWARD) Push against the field, girl!

NYSSA:

What? I thought you wanted them dead?

DOCTOR:

(CONSTRICTED) Nyssa, can we debate the niceties of this later? For now, do as the Warden says and push!

(FX: NYSSA & THE WARDEN PUSH – IN PAIN)

WARDEN:

(PUSHING AGAINST FIELD, AS BEFORE) The field is weakening! Doctor, your hand!

DOCTOR:

What about the prisoner? I won't leave an innocent man to die!

WARDEN:

He is not innocent!

NYSSA:

(EFFORT) Doctor, I can't hold the field much longer!

PRISONER:

The Warden's right, Doctor. Leave me!

DOCTOR:

Take my hand, come on. (BEGINS SQUEEZING THROUGH THE FORCE FIELD) We can both make it.

WARDEN:

(WITH EFFORT) Oh... no... you... don't!

DOCTOR:

(WITH EFFORT) Aaaahh!

(FX: THE DOCTOR IS FLUNG OUT OF THE FIELD ONTO THE FLOOR. AT THE SAME TIME, THE WARDEN SLIPS INSIDE THE FORCE FIELD)

NYSSA:

(BREAKING OFF) Doctor! Are you alright?

DOCTOR:

(WINDED, BUT GETTING TO HIS FEET) I'm fine, Nyssa. Warden: I insist you [release] – (BREAKS OFF AS HE REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENED)

NYSSA:

(REALISATION) The Warden! He must have slipped inside when you came out! They're both in there now!

WARDEN:

The Miaxa must die!

PRISONER:

Farewell, Doctor. Farewell!

(FX: ENORMOUS BUZZ/HUM AS THE FORCE FIELD CRUSHES THEM BOTH. THEN CEASES ABRUPTLY. IN THE QUIET AFTERMATH.)

NYSSA:

(UPSET) That's horrible. Horrible. Why did he do it?

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) The Warden wasn't about to allow the Prisoner to escape, even if it meant executing himself.

(FX: FORCE FIELD FLICKERS BACK INTO LIFE. IT SOUNDS DIFFERENT: SOMETHING IS BEING CREATED WITHIN IT)

NYSSA:

What's happening?

DOCTOR:

The matter in there, it's recombining! Of course! The flesh may decay, but the thought remains.

NYSSA:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

The Prisoner said, he'd died before. Again and again. But each time his psychic abilities enabled him to draw his constituent parts back together!

NYSSA:

But they died together this time.

DOCTOR:

So they did. Which means...

MIAXA:

(FX: WEIRD VOICE – A COMBINATION OF PRISONER/WARDEN) We are the Miaxa. We are... together again.

DOCTOR:

And not before time.

NYSSA:

Wait here, Doctor, I'll turn off the force field. (MAKES TO GO)

MIAXA:

No! We must not be freed. We must never be freed. We are your prisoners now.

DOCTOR:

I won't be anyone's jailer. Not even yours.

MIAXA:

No! You must leave us! Leave us to be punished!

NYSSA:

Doctor...?

DOCTOR:

I've always held, you can tell a lot about a man by the way he treats his prisoners. Tell you what, Miaxa – this is what I'm going to do...

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 19: EXT. PRISON YARD

(FX: WINDSWEPT ATMOS. DOCTOR AND NYSSA WALK UP TO TARDIS)

DOCTOR:

Hello, old girl. Did you miss us? (OPENS TARDIS DOOR) Come on, Nyssa. Time to go. Perfumed rain falling from clouds sown with powdered diamonds, remember?

NYSSA:

It doesn't feel right, Doctor: leaving the Miaxa here.

DOCTOR:

He'll be free to go, in time.

NYSSA:

Only if that 'psychic aggression filter' you patched into the force field controls does its job properly.

DOCTOR:

And what 'psychic aggression filter' would that be, hm?

NYSSA:

The one you told him would deactivate the field, as soon as the hostility levels in his psyche fell below a certain [point] – (PENNY DROPS) There's no such thing, is there?

DOCTOR:

No. I set the forcefield to deactivate itself automatically in three months' time. Long enough to convince the Miaxa that he's been cured.

NYSSA:

You tricked him.

DOCTOR:

If he thinks he's not a monster – chances are, he won't behave like one.

NYSSA:

You hope.

DOCTOR:

Without hope, we'd all be monsters. Come on.

(FX: THEY WALK IN, DOOR SHUTS. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 20: INT. THRONE ROOM

SULTAN:

Incredible.

NYSSA:

Incredible?

SULTAN:

Not the story; the life your Doctor leads. He goes somewhere new every day. Like leading a hundred lives. You will tell me more about him.

NYSSA:

One story, you said. And then you'd release him.

SULTAN:

Just one more, please: I'm still not sure I can trust this Doctor of yours. After all, he lied to that creature.

NYSSA:

For its own good. Didn't that story show you anything? The Doctor's here to help.

SULTAN:

And he is helping: I feel better for hearing his adventures than I have in many, many years. Now, girl. Tell me another story. (CLOSE TO HER) Unless, that is, you've finished with that silver tongue of yours – in which case (DRAWS SWORD. HARsher) I can always have it removed.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 21: INT. DUNGEON — CELL

(FX: DOCTOR CHIPPING AWAY AT MORTAR WITH A TEASPOON)

DOCTOR:

(WORKING) There's more at work here than mere psychosis, I think.

OLD MAN:

I do not understand, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(WORKING) What I mean is — anything and everything that occurs, you either incorporate it into your delusion, or simply ignore it. (STOPPING) The teaspoon I'm using to chip away at the mortar between these blocks, for example.

OLD MAN:

What 'teaspoon'?

DOCTOR:

Exactly. But are you doing it off your own bat — or is some external force inducing these hallucinations? (FINISHES SCRAPING) Now — is that enough, I wonder? Only one way to find out. Stand back, 'Sultan'.

OLD MAN:

Why? What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

Kick this block out of the wall, I hope.

OLD MAN:

What 'block'? My friend, I think you are deluded.

DOCTOR:

Very (KICK; SCRAPE AS IT BUDGES) probably. (KICK; SCRAPE AS IT BUDGES; PANTING:) And one more for luck — (EFFORT)

(FX: KICK... CRUNCH AS THE BLOCK FALLS OUT OF THE WALL, INTO THE CORRIDOR BEYOND)

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING BREATH) There!

OLD MAN:

But... there is a hole in the wall. How did that get there?

DOCTOR:

A moment ago, you saw no wall. Interesting.

OLD MAN:

Interesting?

DOCTOR:

It's not your mind playing tricks – you're being deliberately duped. And whatever's feeding this image to you is intelligent, adaptive. Your mind couldn't explain how my foot had disappeared into the wall, so it let you see it. Otherwise you might reject the whole thing. Very clever.

OLD MAN:

(OUTRAGED) You have kicked a hole in my wall!

DOCTOR:

I realise all this must seem terribly confusing. But it's vital you believe me: whatever it is that's doing this to you, I doubt has your best interests at heart. It must be linked to whatever the Gantha found. Come on, your Highness.

OLD MAN:

You want me to go through the hole?

DOCTOR:

Trust me, it's perfectly safe. Well, until that jailer makes his next appearance.

OLD MAN:

Safe?! Fool, this is a tower! There is nothing out there but a sheer drop!

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) This may take some time.

SCENE 22: INT. THRONE ROOM

SULTAN:

There. I am sitting comfortably, girl. Make this story a good one and I may free your friend, the Doctor. Displease me and I may make a few edits – to your physical integrity. (CLAPS HANDS) Begin!

NYSSA:

Very well. My next story, O Merciful Sultan, takes place many centuries from now and many miles from Arabia, in a place called Norwood, near a city named London, in a year which the people of that time know as eighteen hundred and ninety-two.

(FX: BEGIN SLOW CROSSFADE TO NEXT SCENE)

NYSSA:

Imagine an ordinary house in an ordinary street where something extraordinary is taking place. A woman named Elizabeth Spinnaker lives here, almost alone. All of her servants – save for one – have run away in fear. Because there's something in this house, you see... something that turns men's blood to water.

STORY 2: THE INTERPLANETARIAN

SCENE 23: INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: TICKING CLOCK. SILVER CUTLERY ON BONE CHINA – SPINNAKER IS FINISHING HER SUPPER. FROM UPSTAIRS, WE HEAR A BLOODCURDLING FEMALE SCREAM. IT ORIGINATES, WE WILL DISCOVER, FROM THE POSSESSED NYSSA – THOUGH IT WOULD BE BEST IF WE WEREN'T ABLE TO GUESS THIS IMMEDIATELY)

NYSSA:

(FX: UPSTAIRS) (POSSESSED) (BLOODCURDLING SCREAM)

SPINNAKER:

(FX: CROSSING CUTLERY) Another excellent supper. Thank you, Hill.

HILL:

Not at all, madam. I am gratified, under present circumstances, that it provided you with even the smallest shard of pleasure. Would you care for a glass of something stronger? Strictly for medicinal purposes, you understand, and to settle one's nerves.

SPINNAKER:

Thank you. That won't be necessary, Hill. Of course you're most welcome to pour something for yourself. (BEAT) Though my father wouldn't have approved.

HILL:

Indeed he would not, madam. And in honour of his memory, I shall abstain.

NYSSA:

(FX: UPSTAIRS) (POSSESSED) (GURGLING SHRIEK)

HILL:

The patient sounds a little vexed tonight, madam.

SPINNAKER:

I looked in on her shortly before you sounded the gong. She proved most impertinent when I made only the slightest enquiry.

HILL:

I have noticed, madam, that she is inclined to candour of the stoutest kind.

SPINNAKER:

Indeed you have. And you have my thanks for your continued tolerance.

HILL:

Such thanks are quite unnecessary, madam. (BEAT) Though I was wondering...

SPINNAKER:

Yes?

HILL:

Will he be here soon? Your... specialist?

SPINNAKER:

I do hope so, though I gather that one can never be entirely certain with him. My father always said he was irremediably unpunctual.

HILL:

We do seem to have been waiting for him for rather longer than expected.

SPINNAKER:

Father told me once that there was something ironic in the man being so poor a timekeeper.

HILL:

I don't believe I understand his meaning, madam.

SPINNAKER:

No. No, neither did I.

(FX: FROM UPSTAIRS: MORE SHRIEKS AND WHAT SOUNDS LIKE FURNITURE MOVING OF ITS OWN VOLITION)

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) (SHRIEKS)

SPINNAKER:

Dear me. Is that the wardrobe again?

HILL:

That would certainly seem to be a likely hypothesis, madam.

SPINNAKER:

I thought I'd asked you to bolt it to the floor.

HILL:

I did precisely as you asked, madam. But the patient must have succeeded in prising it loose. Her powers are really most impressive. As I believe I've remarked before, I do think she would be of tremendous interest to the Society.

SPINNAKER:

But no-one is to see her.

HILL:

Very good, madam.

SPINNAKER:

Do you know, I think she's growing stronger?

HILL:

I fear your suspicions may be correct, madam.

SPINNAKER:

Heaven help us if she ever breaks free. Whatever would we do?

HILL:

We would do our best, madam. As we always have.

SPINNAKER:

Thank you, Hill. You are a comfort.

HILL:

One tries, madam. One does try.

(FX: CLANGING DOORBELL — NOT ELECTRIC)

NYSSA:

(FX: UPSTAIRS) (POSSESSED) (DELIGHTED SCREECH) At last!

HILL:

Madam?

SPINNAKER:

You may answer it, Hill. I shall come with you.

HILL:

Really, madam! There is no need.

SPINNAKER:

Nonsense. I only hope it isn't Mr Laxford-Pope again. I thought I'd made it quite plain that I consider him to be far too old, that I am in no want of a husband, and that, in any case, I don't care for his nose.

(FX: DOORBELL CLANGS AGAIN)

HILL:

If it is Mr Laxford-Pope, madam, he's in a fearful hurry.

(FX: HILL AND SPINNAKER LEAVE THE ROOM AND STEP GINGERLY TO THE DOOR. AS THEY DO SO THE BELL RINGS AGAIN)

SCENE 24: INT. BEDROOM

(NYSSA, POSSESSED, LIES, RESTRAINED, UPON THE BED. THE CREATURE WHICH SPEAKS THROUGH HER, GURGLES AND CHUCKLES AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL)

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED. SING-SONG) A cloud... a cloud passes before the moon.

SCENE 25: INT. VESTIBULE

(FX: HILL OPENS DOOR. SPINNAKER STANDS A LITTLE BEHIND HIM)

HILL:

No need to be quite so persistent with the bell, sir. I did hear it the first time.

DOCTOR:

I'm terribly sorry. I don't mean to be rude but time is rather of the essence. Now, you must be Mr Hill, yes? And you must be Elizabeth! How nice to meet you in person at last.

SPINNAKER:

Who are you, sir? And why do you call upon us so late?

DOCTOR:

I was rather hoping you'd be expecting me. I'm the Doctor.

SPINNAKER:

You're the Doctor?

DOCTOR:

You sound sceptical. Surely you got my letter?

SPINNAKER:

I had been waiting for it for all of my life. But are you really him?

DOCTOR:

I'm a little hurt you doubt it.

SPINNAKER:

My father knew you decades ago. You wouldn't have been born then.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'm much older than I look. And I remember your father rather well. It was during what they call the Second Great Crookback Incursion, wasn't it? Mesopotamia, 1843.

SPINNAKER:

You were there?

DOCTOR:

Your father was brave and honest and thoroughly respected by his men.

SPINNAKER:

If you are the Doctor then... you saved his life.

DOCTOR:

Did I? Well, all in a day's work.

SPINNAKER:

He always wanted me, if I were ever to meet you, to thank you.

DOCTOR:

No need. Now, while I'd like little more than to talk over old times it really is rather important I see the patient.

SPINNAKER:

Of course. (BEAT) Of course, Doctor. Come this way.

(FX: THE DOCTOR, SPINNAKER AND HILL WALK THROUGH INTO:)

SCENE 26: INT. MAIN HALL [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: ALL WALKING IN)

DOCTOR:

I must thank you for looking after her. I had to keep her safe, you see, but I couldn't risk her infecting my TARDIS. So I had to leave her somewhere discreet and out of sight where she wouldn't attract much attention.

SPINNAKER:

So you chose Norwood?

DOCTOR:

Well, Earth in the late nineteenth century, yes. (FX: ALL STOP) Has she been behaving herself?

SPINNAKER:

I fear she has not, Doctor. Though Mr Hill and I have done our best I'm afraid she's been quite violent. We had no choice but to restrain her.

DOCTOR:

Ah. I see. Terribly sorry to hear that. So. Where's the patient?

HILL:

I'll take you to her, sir.

DOCTOR:

No need. Just point me in the right direction.

HILL:

Madam?

SPINNAKER:

This is the Doctor, Hill. He has the run of the house.

HILL:

Go up the stairs to the first floor, sir. You'll find her in the third room on the right. Just follow the sound of the screams.

DOCTOR:

Splendid. Now. Why don't you two sit tight in the dining room? I'll pop down again in a moment.

SPINNAKER:

You're sure, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. Just carry on regardless. Pretend I'm not here.

NYSSA:

(FX: UPSTAIRS) (POSSESSED) (TRIUMPHANT LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR:

I rather think that's my cue, don't you? I'll see you shortly.

(FX: AS DOCTOR WALKS UP THE STAIRS:)

HILL:

He seems... too young, madam.

SPINNAKER:

He does, doesn't he? But did you see his eyes?

HILL:

His eyes, madam? I confess I did not notice anything in particular about them.

SPINNAKER:

They seemed to tell some different story.

SCENE 27: INT. BEDROOM

(FX: FROM OUTSIDE, DOCTOR'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING BEDROOM. THE POSSESSED NYSSA IS STILL RESTRAINED. WHAT SEEMS TO BE AN EVIL SPIRIT SPEAKS THROUGH HER AS SHE WRITHES, LAUGHS AND GURGLES. IT'S ALL VERY LINDA BLAIR)

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) (SHRIEKS AND LAUGHS) I hear you, Time Lord! I hear you trip-trapping over my bridge!

(FX: THE DOCTOR PAUSES BEFORE THE DOOR. HE KNOCKS AND, WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, OPENS DOOR)

DOCTOR:

(WALKING IN) Hello there. Sorry to intrude.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) Greetings, Time Lord! So you dare at last to face me?

DOCTOR:

Actually, I was wondering if I could have a word with Nyssa.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) The Trakenite is buried deep within us. For we are not one, Time Lord. We are legion.

DOCTOR:

Even so, I'm sure she must be in there somewhere. If you'd just let her know I'm here?

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) So you cannot steel yourself to talk with me? Many before you have quailed at the task. Be warned! I will lie. Yet I will mingle lies with truth to confound you.

DOCTOR:

Yes, yes. We'll have a natter in a minute. But we're not going any further 'til I know that Nyssa's safe.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) You are weak. Sentimental and soft-bellied.

DOCTOR:

It has been said. Now would you kindly put me through to Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Oh, but you are an impatient one, aren't you? Very well – (INHALES HEAVILY – THEN EXHALES AS HERSELF) Oh. Oh. Doctor? Doctor, is that you? Where have you been?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa. There you are. (FX: WALKING TO BEDSIDE) Sorry I've been so long. I've been doing a bit of digging around regarding your... er, your condition.

NYSSA:

The parasite in my psyche, you mean.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, I'll get you free of it. You've not been harmed, I hope? I'm so sorry you've had to be restrained like this.

NYSSA:

To tell you the truth, I've hardly felt a thing. I have had moments of consciousness, but for most of the time everything I am has been blotted out and there's been only darkness.

DOCTOR:

(SYMPATHETICALLY) Yes.

NYSSA:

I wonder... was this what it was like for my father? This... eclipse? Or was there... more pain?

DOCTOR:

Please, don't upset yourself.

NYSSA:

Help me, Doctor. Help me, p-[lease] (INHALES HEAVILY — AND WHEN SHE EXHALES, SHE'S POSSESSED AGAIN) Time's up, Time Lord! You have no alternative but to converse with me.

DOCTOR:

If I must. But to be frank, I only really dropped in to give you a fair chance.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) What are you trying to say, you pallid excuse for a man? Spit it out or stay silent!

DOCTOR:

Just that I wanted to give you an opportunity to vacate the body of my friend of your own free will. That is before I force you out.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED. DISMISSIVE) You? Force me out?

DOCTOR:

That's the gist of my ultimatum, yes.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) I am ancient, Doctor, and I have been called many things. Demon. Spectre. Spirit. Djinn. I have gone about the world since man was crawling in the slime. And I shall not leave this girl till she has perished. She is mine now, forever. My dominion over her is absolute.

DOCTOR:

We'll see about that, won't we? Listen, I've had rather a difficult day and I've come an awfully long way to be here. (HE TURNS TO GO) So I'll think I'll just pop downstairs to have a quick word with my friends and a nice cup of tea while you stay up here and consider your position.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) You are fleeing the scene of battle! You are running away!

DOCTOR:

Not at all. But don't say I didn't warn you.

(FX: EXITS, CLOSING DOOR)

SCENE 28: INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: CLOCK ETC AS BEFORE)

SPINNAKER:

Mr Hill?

HILL:

Madam?

SPINNAKER:

I'm not sure I've ever really said before now how grateful I am for your staying. When all the others left.

HILL:

There is no need, madam, for you to say so.

SPINNAKER:

Still. Thank you.

HILL:

It was only my duty.

SPINNAKER:

I suppose it must have been.

(FX: DOCTOR IS WALKING UP FROM OUTSIDE)

HILL:

But... not *only* duty, madam.

SPINNAKER:

Mr Hill? Whatever do you mean?

(FX: THE DOCTOR WALKS INTO THE ROOM)

DOCTOR:

Hello you two.

SPINNAKER:

Doctor! How is she?

DOCTOR:

Not terribly well, I'm afraid. The entity is stubborn and deeply embedded. But I'm confident I can free her of it.

HILL:

You are, sir?

DOCTOR:

I believe I have a cure.

SPINNAKER:

Mr Ransome – formerly our head butler – was adamant that medical science could provide no cure. He implored me to summon a priest.

DOCTOR:

But you refused?

SPINNAKER:

I did exactly as you told me to in your letter. But Mr Ransome left that very evening.

DOCTOR:

Ah. I was wondering if the faithful Hill was your only member of staff.

SPINNAKER:

He is the only servant who stayed.

DOCTOR:

Brave fellow.

HILL:

Thank you, sir.

DOCTOR:

I've just taken a break from my... consultation. I wonder if I mightn't trouble you for a cup of tea?

SPINNAKER:

Of course.

HILL:

I'll prepare a pot, sir.

DOCTOR:

No need to go to too much trouble. In fact, I rather thought we might use these. (FROM HIS POCKETS THE DOCTOR PRODUCES THREE TEABAGS) I picked them up on my travels.

SPINNAKER:

What are they, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Teabags. An invention from just a little after your time.

HILL:

And what do they do, sir?

DOCTOR:

It's easy. You just place one in a cup of hot water and a second or so later... instant tea. (BEAT) No need to look so

suspicious. It's just as good as proper tea. Well, almost. Take them. They won't bite.

HILL:

(TAKING TEABAGS) Thank you, sir. I'll prepare a cup for you. And for you, madam?

SPINNAKER:

Thank you, Hill. Yes. Why not?

DOCTOR:

And one for you too, Mr Hill. I don't see any need to stand on ceremony, do you? Not on a day like today.

HILL:

Madam?

SPINNAKER:

I have no objections.

HILL:

Very good, madam. Doctor. (BOWS AND LAVES)

(FX: HILL CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM)

DOCTOR:

What a wonderful butler. Of course he's terribly attached to you.

SPINNAKER:

Doctor! That is a scandalous suggestion.

DOCTOR:

Is it? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you.

SPINNAKER:

I apologise, Doctor. Between you and me... I think you may be right.

SCENE 29: INT. BEDROOM

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) (GURGLING LAUGHTER) Oh, but this is... fun! How better to alleviate the boredom of eternity? How better to galvanise damnation's longueurs?

(FX: FURNITURE MOVES! DRAWERS OPEN! DOORS SLAM! WINDOWS RATTLE!)

SCENE 30: INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: THUMPING FURNITURE FROM UPSTAIRS)

SPINNAKER:

Not again!

DOCTOR:

Would you mind if I sat down for a moment, Miss Spinnaker?

SPINNAKER:

Be my guest.

DOCTOR:

(FX: PULLS UP CHAIR, SITS) Thank you. I've been on my feet for days, you see. Been doing a lot of running.

SPINNAKER:

Where *have* you been, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Around and about. I've been conducting some research on the thing that's taken charge of my companion. And I've turned up something terribly interesting.

SPINNAKER:

Would you like to share your knowledge, Doctor? She has been with us for some time, after all. We have come to care for her ourselves.

DOCTOR:

Oh, it's all very technical. Rather dry really. No, I'm terribly grateful for your help but I wouldn't want to burden you with too much detail. I wouldn't want to give you nightmares.

SPINNAKER:

Father said you were like this.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Did he?

SPINNAKER:

Evasive and mysterious and perpetually distracted as if your mind is on a different plane to ours.

DOCTOR:

Well... He was a fine man, your father. You must miss him.

SPINNAKER:

There are days when I do, Doctor. And then there are days – there are many days – when I do not.

(FX: HILL OPENS DOOR AND ENTERS, CARRYING RATTLING TEA-TRAY)

DOCTOR:

Ah! The excellent Mr Hill – with our tea, as requested?

HILL:

I believe I have carried out the operation correctly, sir.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you have. But the proof's in the pudding, don't you think?

(FX: HILL PASSES OUT THE CUPS OF TEA)

HILL:

Here, madam. Sir.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. (HE SIPS) Delicious. You've got it just right, Mr Hill.

SPINNAKER:

(SIPS) It does not taste *quite* the same. What do you think, Hill?

HILL:

It is unusual, madam.

DOCTOR:

Well, you'll get used to it in time. (FX: DRAWS BACK CHAIR, STANDS) Now, Miss Spinnaker, Mr Hill, I'm going to go back upstairs again and force the entity to leave the body of my friend. You may hear a lot of strange things in the next few minutes. Oaths in languages unspoken for millennia, blood-curdling cries as of the laments of the forgotten, weird ululations which strike terror into your very hearts. And so on.

HILL:

We have, in recent weeks, sir, grown accustomed to such sounds.

DOCTOR:

I know. And I'm really very sorry about that. But whatever happens in the next few moments you must not follow me into the bedroom, either of you. It could be terribly dangerous. And I think I've caused you enough inconvenience already.

SPINNAKER:

We understand, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Mr Hill?

HILL:

Understood, sir.

DOCTOR:

Marvellous. (EXITING) Well, drink up. (BOUNDING UPSTAIRS THROUGH:)

HILL:

(SIPPING) What a singular fellow.

SPINNAKER:

(SIPPING) Yes. You know, I'm not at all sure I approve of these 'tea bags', Hill.

SCENE 31: INT. BEDROOM

(FX: AS BEFORE, THE DOCTOR KNOCKS THEN WALKS INTO THE ROOM)

DOCTOR:

Hello. Me again, I'm afraid.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) So you have returned, Time Lord!

DOCTOR:

I see you haven't taken my advice. What a pity.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) If you mean to threaten me, Time Lord, then do so properly. Do not cloak your efforts at intimidation with weasel words.

DOCTOR:

I'm just trying to be polite. But I'm afraid you've not left me with much in the way of alternatives. I'm going to have to remove you myself.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) Try it, Time Lord. I am as old as the desert. I am as ageless as the sea. I am as potent as fire and as patient as ice. I am a spirit who has gone about this world for a thousand thousand generations and I may inhabit and consume whomsoever I choose.

DOCTOR:

Actually, I'm afraid I'm going to have to correct you on that. You see, I've just come from a little place not far from the Styx-Heimer Cluster called The Meellion Cube. Does that ring any bells? You've probably heard of the people who live there. They call themselves Lingua-Technicians.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) You're lying.

DOCTOR:

Why would I make up a thing like that? Having spent some time on Meellion, I've found out rather a lot about you. You're no ancient spirit, are you?

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) I am.

DOCTOR:

No – you're a peripatetic, crypto-conscious virus, floating through the galaxies and infecting people at random. Actually, it's my suspicion you were created as some sort of scattergun weapon. For what kind of conflict you were designed... well, I'd rather not speculate.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) I am a wandering demon. I am sat at high table at the feast of the damned.

DOCTOR:

Oh, no doubt you've inspired the odd legend here and there. The occasional ghost story or two. But let's be clear: there's nothing sulphurous about you, is there? Just the familiar whiff of bad science.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) Have a care. I am an agent of the fallen. I am a Lord Lieutenant in the army of Hades.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid that won't really wash any more. In fact, I believe I can name you.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) Name me?

DOCTOR:

Yes indeed. Aren't you... "The Interplanetarian"?

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED. SCREECHES IN HORRIFIED DISBELIEF) Impertinent fool! You know nothing at all. Pious bungler. Gross, half-baked ignoramus!

DOCTOR:

Oh dear. Have I hit a nerve? When I visited, the people of the Meellion Cube had only lately evicted you from their world. And I'm afraid they told me how I could do the same. You'd better brace yourself. It's a kind of stylised ritual... Slightly pompous but I'm assured it will work. There are certain... sounds of power, I suppose... which will force you from your host.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) You think mere sounds can sway me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I think these particular ones just might. The Lingua-Technicians have instilled them in me. I need only trigger them. Now, I think I can remember the preliminaries. You'll have to bear with me. (CLEARS THROAT) "Hear now, O vile creature, O excrescence, O cursed abomination and abhorred cur" – (HE BREAKS OFF) Sorry about that. Don't mean to be personal. I'm just trying to follow the instructions. Anyway. "I cast thee out from the body of the innocent, Nyssa. I fling thee back into the abyss from whence thee came. I hurl thee into bodiless oblivion and disincarnate chaos! The power of Gallifrey compels you! The power of Omega compels you! The power of Rassilon compels you! Hear now, o Interplanetarian, this word, the word which opens the door, the word that heralds the flood."

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) And what is that word, Doctor? Go on. Scare me.

DOCTOR:

I chose it, actually. It seemed... respectful.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) And?

DOCTOR:

Tremas.

(FX: THE DOCTOR OPENS HIS MOUTH AND EMITS A STREAM OF STATIC AND WHITE NOISE – OVERLAID & DIFFERENT READINGS OF 'TREMAS' BUILDING TO A CLIMAX)

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) No... no... Cease this at once... Stop... Stop... I beg of you...! (SCREAMS...)

SCENE 32: INT. DINING ROOM

(FX: WHITE NOISE AND SCREAM CONTINUE FROM UPSTAIRS THROUGH:)

SPINNAKER:

Dear me. That sounds rather unpleasant.

HILL:

The disease is a tenacious and savage thing, madam. I imagine that the cure, in order to be successful, must have to match it in ferocity.

SPINNAKER:

(REACHING A DECISION) Nevertheless... I think we should go up.
(FX: PULLS BACK CHAIR, STANDS)

HILL:

I agree, madam.

SPINNAKER:

You do? But the Doctor told us to stay down here.

HILL:

He may have done so, madam. But I flatter myself to think I know you well enough by now to be quite certain you'd never have been content to simply sit down here and quail while the Doctor and his patient fight for their lives above us.

SPINNAKER:

Hill?

HILL:

Yes, madam?

SPINNAKER:

Under the circumstances, I think you can stop calling me "madam". (BEAT) From now on I should like you to call me... Elizabeth.

HILL:

Your father would not have approved.

SPINNAKER:

But my father isn't here now, is he? (FX: WHITE NOISE CUTS OUT) Up we go, then?

HILL:

Up we go... Elizabeth.

(FX: THEY EXIT, HURRIEDLY)

SCENE 33: INT. BEDROOM

(FX: THE 'TREMAS' NOIS CONTINUES. OVER THIS:)

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED) (GROANING) Have mercy...! Aaaarghhh!

(FX: WITH A WRENCHING SOUND, THE EVIL SPIRIT IS PULLED FREE FROM NYSSA. THE 'TREMAS' NOISE STOPS. WE CHANGE THE PLACEMENT & VOCAL QUALITY OF THE POSSESSED VOICE, SO IT SEEMS TO FLOAT AROUND THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:

(EXHAUSTED) I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you had to leave my friend.

NYSSA:

(POSSESSED. DISEMBODIED) You may have succeeded in forcing me from her but you will never destroy me. I shall go about the world again. I shall possess another. And another! And another! No creature is barred to me! Even you, Doctor! Why, I think I shall inhabit a Time Lord next. A Trakenite was tasty.. but a Gallifreyan would be delicious.

DOCTOR:

Well, you're welcome to try.

(FX: WITH A HISS, THE INTERPLANETARIAN VAPORISES. FROM THE BED:)

NYSSA:

(INHALES — AND EXHALES HER OLD SELF AGAIN) Doctor? Oh, Doctor. I think it's gone now.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa! Good to have you back. (FX: UNDOING BUCKLES) Let's get you free of these dreadful restraints.

NYSSA:

Oh, yes please —

DOCTOR:

How's that?

NYSSA:

Much better.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry you had to suffer all that.

NYSSA:

It wasn't your fault. Well, not really. It was... it was unfortunate. (BEAT) Where's the Interplanetarian now?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Funnily enough, I think it's trying to take me over. (INHALES, WEAKENING...) I can feel its tendrils rootling about in my mind. Like a kind of high-altitude headache. Unfortunately, it's about to discover that the mind of a Time Lord is rather too complicated for it to inhabit... (EXHALES, STRONGER) Yes, I can feel it retreating.

(FX: SPINNAKER & HILL APPROACHING BEDROOM, BEHIND DOOR)

NYSSA:

What will happen to it now?

DOCTOR:

Well. That's the thing. You see-

(FX: SPINNAKER & HILL BURST IN)

SPINNAKER:

Doctor!

HILL:

Is it over, sir?

DOCTOR:

I thought I told you to stay downstairs.

SPINNAKER:

I know... but we heard such dreadful sounds. We wanted to help.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, but it's really quite unnecessary. The danger has passed. The storm clouds have dissipated. And Nyssa is well again. Isn't that so, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

I'm really very sorry for all the trouble I put you to. You've both been most hospitable.

HILL:

We have done our best, madam.

SPINNAKER:

And it is good to see you well again.

NYSSA:

Thank you. It's good to be back amongst... nice people again.

DOCTOR:

Well, I think we should probably be leaving. Let you two get on with your lives, let history take its natural course... all of that. Are you well enough to walk, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Some fresh air will do me good.

DOCTOR:

Then let's get you back to the TARDIS. Goodbye then, Miss Spinnaker. Goodbye, Mr Hill.

NYSSA:

Goodbye.

(FX: THEY EXIT. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 34: INT. THRONE ROOM

NYSSA:

And that was how we left them, standing together in that terrible room. They had dazed looks upon their faces. As if a hurricane had blown through their lives and vanished over the horizon, leaving them stood among the wreckage. I've seen that look before, many times.

SULTAN:

Enough of this philosophising! Is that the finish of it? I call that a poor ending indeed.

NYSSA:

Have patience, o Sultan. You have to let the story unfold in its own time.

SULTAN:

Ah! So it is not yet over!

NYSSA:

Listen closely...

SCENE 35: INT. DINING ROOM

(HILL HAS BEEN POSSESSED. SPINNAKER HAS YET TO REALISE THIS)

SPINNAKER:

(FX: SETTING DOWN GLASS) Really, Mr Hill. I'm not sure I ought to have allowed myself to have been persuaded to open the bottle.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) It seemed only right, Elizabeth. Right and proper. To celebrate the departure of the Doctor and his... pal.

SPINNAKER:

To toast poor Miss Nyssa's liberation, surely? From that awful fiend who dwelt within her.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) To toast our being alone together, then? Alone at last. Free to indulge ourselves.

SPINNAKER:

Mr Hill?

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Enough of your coy games, madam. You wish to be... possessed. I have long seen it in your eyes. A hunger which only I can satisfy. A thirst which only I can slake.

SPINNAKER:

Mr Hill! You over-reach yourself. You over-reach yourself grievously!

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Do I frighten you, my pudding?

SPINNAKER:

You offend me, sir.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Then be offended! For this is what you have agitated, madam – this is the beast that you've brought forth!

SPINNAKER:

I would ask you, Mr Hill, to keep your distance.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Or what? Oh, my Elizabeth, I shall teach you such [things]

(FX: THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DINING ROOM DOOR)

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Who's there? If it's that fool Laxford-Pope come sniffing..

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA BURST INTO THE ROOM)

DOCTOR:

Hello. Us again.

NYSSA:

So sorry to interrupt like this.

SPINNAKER:

Doctor. What a... relief it is to see you again.

DOCTOR:

(MOCK-INNOCENT) You haven't seen my hat anywhere, have you? I try to keep it in my pocket but I think I must have mislaid it somewhere.

SPINNAKER:

I, er – wait, how did you regain access to this house?

DOCTOR:

(MOCK-INNOCENT) We must have accidentally left the door on the latch when we left.

NYSSA:

Elizabeth? Take my hand. Come with me.

SPINNAKER:

Nyssa? Why?

NYSSA:

Please. Trust me.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Doctor? Why is your handmaid dragging my mistress away?

DOCTOR:

Enough, Interplanetarian. Enough now.

HILL:

(POSSESSED CHUCKLE) Oh, I warned you, Doctor, did I not? You may expel me from one body but this planet teems with billions of hosts. What a smorgasbord is laid before me!

SPINNAKER:

Mr Hill? Doctor, what's the matter with him?

DOCTOR:

Mr Hill isn't there at the moment, Elizabeth. Stay with Nyssa, please, and let me speak to him.

NYSSA:

Elizabeth. Anything your... friend has said to you... It's important you understand that it wasn't him who spoke to you.

SPINNAKER:

I... I think I know that.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Oh, Doctor. I like this one. This... butler. He is young and strong and fit and his thoughts are filled with sentimental fantasy. Methinks I will have fun with him.

DOCTOR:

I did try to warn you, Interplanetarian.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Idle threats and hollow boasts! That ridiculous rite of yours shall not work for a second time.

DOCTOR:

No. That's probably true. To be honest, I don't really understand how it worked the first time around.

NYSSA:

Doctor? I have three separate theories.

DOCTOR:

We'll talk later, Nyssa.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) So, Time Lord, you... accept my victory?

DOCTOR:

Ah, but then I didn't intend to use the rite again in any case. You see, the Lingua-Technicians of the Meellion Cube aren't just masters of arcane vocabulary and esoteric terminology and supra-linguistics. They also have a lovely sideline in making tea.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) Tea?

DOCTOR:

That's right. Lady Grey. Lapsang Souchong. A blend that tastes like blackberries if they'd been grown beneath five red suns. And, of course, they make the tea I gave to Mr Hill not half an hour ago. Well, I say tea. Technically speaking it's...
liquid code.

HILL:

(POSSESSED; REELING) What have you done?

DOCTOR:

I gave you every opportunity. I'd like you to remember that. Actually, the tea's rather a one-off. Bespoke. Run up for me on Meellion after I sorted out a spot of trouble they were having with The Covetous Shoal of Majestrix Prime.

HILL:

(POSSESSED; REELING) What is this pain in my skull?

DOCTOR:

The code's put up a hexahedron firewall in the cerebral cortex of Mr Hill. By now, I'm afraid, escape's impossible. The hexahedron has begun to contract. I'm sorry but it won't stop until you've been entirely erased.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) You have tricked me!

DOCTOR:

Well, you shouldn't have stayed.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) You play the lamb, Doctor, but in truth you are the tiger.

DOCTOR:

Goodbye, Interplanetarian.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) (SCREAMS)

NYSSA:

Doctor! You're hurting him!

DOCTOR:

Oh, the Interplanetarian's not really alive. No. Not as we'd understand it.

NYSSA:

But does it need to suffer like that?

DOCTOR:

It's almost over, Nyssa.

HILL:

(POSSESSED) (SCREECH... BEAT... HEAVY EXHALATION AS HILL IS RESTORED) Good Lord. How extraordinary.

DOCTOR:

Welcome back, Mr Hill.

HILL:

Has it gone, sir?

DOCTOR:

Gone for good. I'm sorry if that was uncomfortable for you.

HILL:

Not at all, sir. A most original experience.

SPINNAKER:

My dear, brave Mr Hill. (SHE KISSES HIM)

DOCTOR:

Ah. Right. Well, I don't know about the rest of you. But I think we've all earned ourselves a cup of *proper* tea.

HILL:

I'll put the kettle on, sir.

SCENE 36: INT. THRONE ROOM

SULTAN:

So! This Doctor does hunt demons! Yes, and uses magical enchantments too!

NYSSA:

Enchantments? Oh, you mean the Lingua-Technicians' sounds of power. Not exactly. (SUDDENLY WOOZY) And it wasn't a demon, it was more like – like a sickness... I'm sorry, I feel a little strange.

SULTAN:

You seem unwell, girl. Are you sure this Interplanetarian has not possessed you again? I have exorcists of my own, who have blunter ways of purging devils.

NYSSA:

No! It's just, I feel terribly, terribly... drained...

SULTAN:

Ah, you are tired? Very well – you may sleep. And, in the morning, when you awake, you shall witness the execution of your Doctor friend.

NYSSA:

What? But you can't! One more story, you said!

SULTAN:

But where does one tale end and the next begin? Tell me more stories, about this Doctor and his adventures. If they please me, I shall release this demon-hunter. I promise.

NYSSA:

(TIRED) Alright. (BEAT, GOING INTO STORY MODE) When I first met the Doctor, he was another man entirely. (FX: FADING OUT) Tall, with wild hair and wilder eyes, and he travelled with a clever young boy named Adric...

SCENE 37: INT. DUNGEON – CELL

OLD MAN:

(PEERING OUT OF HOLE) You see, Doctor? How can we escape through the wall, when this tower is three hundred cubits high?

DOCTOR:

(GROANING) Of course – a psychological failsafe. No wonder you have an aversion to leaving. (SUDDENLY WOOZY) But please, you have to – to trust me...

OLD MAN:

(GRABBING HIM) Careful, you will fall!

DOCTOR:

I told you, all that's through that hole is a corridor! Strange, I suddenly feel... I don't know, drained. Exhausted.

OLD MAN:

You are unwell? Have no fear. I have many physicians at my command. I shall have one of them prepare you a most purging-

DOCTOR:

Haven't you been listening to anything I've tried to explain to you? Don't you understand? You're not the Sultan.

OLD MAN:

(INTERRUPTING) Ridiculous. Not to mention treasonous –

DOCTOR:

– and these aren't your luxurious private quarters.

OLD MAN:

(SPULTTERING) Why, I only have to look out that balcony to see... (DOUBT) ... to see...

DOCTOR:

You're starting to see it, aren't you? This place, as it really is. A cell.

OLD MAN:

No. No. I see my private quarters! (UNCONVINCING) The lining on the walls. Gold leaf, with a turquoise inlay, to catch – (TRAILING OFF) ... catch the glimmer of the sun...

DOCTOR:

That's it! Keep trying! You can break free if only you let yourself see the truth!

OLD MAN:

Break free? I'm not the prisoner here. You are!

DOCTOR:

Then tell me when you last left this room.

OLD MAN:

I... I have many engagements.

DOCTOR:

But you can't remember them. Prove you're free – open that door and walk out.

OLD MAN:

I've no reason to.

DOCTOR:

Try!

OLD MAN:

I can call my servants if I need anything.

DOCTOR:

Listen to me. If this hole really does lead outside, then where's the warmth of the sun? The scent of jasmine, the sounds of the bazaar, drifting in from the city beyond?

OLD MAN:

We... we are too high.

DOCTOR:

Too high for sound? Here: take my hand. These walls, how do they feel to the touch?

(FX: THE DOCTOR GUIDES THE OLD MAN'S HANDS OVER THE STONE)

OLD MAN:

Cold, damp stone. (DAWNING) My eyes see one truth, my other senses see another.

DOCTOR:

I think you've been locked up here for a long, long time. Something here in this palace wants you to make sure you never, ever leave— (REELS AGAIN)

OLD MAN:

Doctor? You are unwell.

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) Feeling drained... or being drained, I wonder? (RALLYING) Come on – help me widen this hole.

(FX: STONE RUBBLE BEING PULLED OUT OF WALL)

OLD MAN:

Should we not wait until you are feeling better?

DOCTOR:

(GETTING WEAKER) I don't think that would be a terribly good idea. There's something powerful and dangerous in this palace, and now it's feeding off my psyche too.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 38: INT. DUNGEONS – CORRIDOR

(FX: DRIP OF WATER. APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS)

OLD MAN:

Is it much further, Doctor? This corridor seems to go on forever and you're forgetting I haven't used my legs in years.

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Tell me, my friend, how long do you think you've been the Sultan here?

OLD MAN:

Why, since the eighteenth year of the rule of the honoured Caliph Al-Mahdi.

DOCTOR:

And how long ago was that?

OLD MAN:

It was... (FALTERING) Merciful One, forgive me, I do not know!

DOCTOR:

You've been the victim of a great injustice. Someone has done something terrible to your mind, your memories. But why, I wonder – (REELS)

OLD MAN:

Doctor! You grow weaker again!

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) Yes. It's like – like I'm being attacked...

OLD MAN:

Attacked?! (LOUDLY) Then we must summon my palace guard!

DOCTOR:

(ALARMED) Keep your voice down, you'll only bring the Jailer back! ... Come on, let's keep moving.

OLD MAN:

Deeper into these dungeons?

DOCTOR:

That beacon, I have to find it and disable it before the Ganthas' clients get here. Come on!

(FX: THEY WALK ON. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 39: INT. THRONE ROOM

NYSSA:

(FADING UP, IN STORY-TELLING MODE) ... and it was only after that, after my home planet of Traken was destroyed, and the Doctor first took on the face he still wears today, that I began properly to travel with him.

SULTAN:

Fascinating. You will tell me more. About this vessel that he travels the stars in, this TARDIS. About this 'Adric', this 'Tegan', this 'Master'.

NYSSA:

(TIRED) Please, I'm so tired..

SULTAN:

Do you not wish to please me? Do you not wish to save the life of your friend?

NYSSA:

Haven't you heard enough to convince you that he's a good man, that he's here to help?

SULTAN:

Not yet. You have so many stories about this Doctor, so many things I still need to know about him. You will tell me them all.

NYSSA:

Stories. I have a story about stories themselves...

SULTAN:

Begin.

(FX: FADE UP THE EFFECTS FOR THE NEXT SCENE UNDER:)

NYSSA:

A long time ago, on a dark and stormy night...

STORY 3: SMUGGLING TALES

SCENE 40: EXT. CLIFFTOP

(FX: WIND/STORM/SEA SWELLS. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. BLAST OF WIND)

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING OUT – VOICE RAISED SLIGHTLY OVER NOISE THROUGHOUT)
Awful weather, I'm afraid. And perhaps not the least precarious place to land. Sorry.

NYSSA:

(DITTO) Yes, I wouldn't fancy our chances if we fell off these cliffs. Back inside the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Wait. There are lights over there on the headland. An inn, perhaps?

NYSSA:

We're not stopping, surely?

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR) Just for directions. The TARDIS' navigational systems have got a bit scrambled, could do with a reset.

NYSSA:

But why go to the inn? Why not just ask that man?

DOCTOR:

What man?

NYSSA:

Over there, dozing against that rock.

DOCTOR:

Dozing? In this weather? Come on.

(FX: THEY TRUDGE OFF)

SCENE 41: EXT. CLIFFTOP — PATH

NYSSA:

(SLIPS) Woah!

(FX: SCREE FALLS)

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING NYSSA'S ARM) Take care — the path's slippery.

NYSSA:

Thank you. You're right about that man: he isn't dozing, is he?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid not. Wait here. (TAKES A FEW STEPS FORWARD & KNEELS BEFORE THE VICTIM)

(FX: DUSTANT RUMBLE OF THUNDER)

NYSSA:

What was it? A lightning strike?

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING THE BODY) No scorch marks on his soles. (TURNING THE BODY OVER, WITH EFFORT) He's obviously been here some time — (THE BODY FLOPS ONTO ITS SIDE) — he's soaked through.

NYSSA:

What's that?

DOCTOR:

What's what?

NYSSA:

Something fell out of his jacket when you turned him over. A book.

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. Let's see now — (FX: FLICKS PAGES)

NYSSA:

(APPROACHES) What is it? A diary?

DOCTOR:

(A LITTLE LAUGH) A joke book. Some of them very funny — if a little inappropriate. We'd better hold onto it.

NYSSA:

Surely it can't be anything important!

DOCTOR:

You never know. I remember a planet where everyone told jokes: Irrideo. Maybe that's where we've landed.

NYSSA:

Well his death certainly isn't a joke. Hadn't we better report the body, or something?

DOCTOR:

Yes, we should. (LOOKING AROUND) You know – I think that *is* an inn, on the headland.

NYSSA:

At least it'll be warm.

DOCTOR:

Come on, then.

(FX: THEY TRUDGE OFF. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 42: INT. TAVERN – BAR

(FX: HAMMER HORROR PUB WITH A ROWDY BAR ATMOS: A BALLADEER BEING HECKLED, LIKE IT'S AN OPEN MIC NIGHT)

BALLADEER:

... and the dragon raised his mighty neck, and looked upon the warrior with scorn, breathing fire and gore down on his noble head...

PUNTERS:

(JEER)

ARCHIE:

(SHOUTS) You told us that one the other night!

LOTTIE:

(SHOUTS) Don't you have anything new?

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN – BLAST OF WIND – AS DOCTOR & NYSSA ENTER. GROANS FROM COLD PUNTERS)

BESSIE:

(CALLS) You two, shut that door!

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Sorry –

(FX: DOOR SHUT)

BESSIE:

(CALLS) Ignore them, Balladeer – you're doing very well.

BALLADEER:

My saga continues: 'Avaunt thee, creature...' called the warrior
–

ARCHIE:

(SHOUTS) Get off!

BALLADEER:

(LOUDER) 'Avaunt thee, dire and dreadful creature...'

NYSSA:

(ASIDE, TO DOCTOR) I don't think they like his story very much.

DOCTOR:

No.

BALLADEER:

(SHOUTS, DESPERATE) 'Avaunt! Avaunt! Avaunt...!'

ARCHIE:

Avaunt yourself, mate!

PUNTERS:

(BEGIN CHANTING, SLOW-HANDCLAPPING) Avaunt! Avaunt! Avaunt!
(CONTINUES THROUGH:)

NYSSA:

(ASIDE) So, is this Irrideo, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDES) I'm not sure. Irrideans are certainly savage critics.

BALLADEER:

(LOUDER) 'I fear not your fire-filled breath and teeth of ice...'

NYSSA:

(WHISPERS) I wonder why he doesn't just give up.

BALLADEER:

'I fear not your scales of green... and your mighty claws...'

LOTTIE:

Sling yer hook!

ARCHIE:

And take your poxy dragon with you!

BESSIE:

(SHOUTS) All right, fellas – that's enough...!

PUNTERS:

(BREAK OFF CHANT, BEGIN BOOING BESSIE)

BALLADEER:

(DEFIANTLY) My saga is not yet ended!

ARCHIE:

Is that so?

(FX: SOMEONE THROWS A GLASS AT THE BALLADEER – SMASHES)

BESSIE:

Hey, who threw that?

NYSSA:

(WHISPERS) Oh, dear!

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) I fear we may be in for a certain amount of trouble.

BALLADEER:

'Your mighty claws so fell and sheer!' (DUCKS AS -)

(FX: ANOTHER THROWN GLASS SMASHES)

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Stay here, Nyssa... (HEADING OFF)

NYSSA:

(HISSES AFTER) You're not going to he- (CUTS HERSELF OFF)
Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING STAGE) Excuse me! Sir...! I wonder if you wouldn't care to conclude your wonderfully vivid story on another occasion?

LOTTIE:

What, and prolong our agony?

ARCHIE:

(SHOUTS) Get off! He's doing badly enough on his own without your help!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTS) Ladies, gentlemen! Please...! (DUCKS AS -)

(FX: ANOTHER THROWN GLASS SMASHES)

DOCTOR:

(TO BALLADEER) Please, my friend - it's not worth risking your life for a story.

BALLADEER:

(UNSURE) Isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Well, no.

BALLADEER:

(GLUMLY) Perhaps you're right. (TO CROWD) My saga is at an end. (STEPS DOWN)

PUNTERS:

(CHEER, THROUGH:)

NYSSA:

(APPROACHING DOCTOR) Doctor, are you alright?

DOCTOR:

I will be, once I've got the glass out of my hair.

BESSIE:

(BOUNDING ON STAGE) Alright – who's next to step up on the scaffold?

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR) I really think we should leave.

LOTTIE:

(INTERRUPTING) Tarry, my dears, tarry! (SUCKS ON PIPE & EXHALES)

NYSSA:

(COUGHS) I wonder if you'd mind putting that out...! (COUGHS)

LOTTIE:

What's that, dear?

DOCTOR:

I think what my friend was trying to say is, careful you don't set her hair alight with that pipe of yours. (COUGHS)

LOTTIE:

(LAUGHS) Chance'd be a fine thing in this weather. So, do you have a story for a poor old woman, sir?

DOCTOR:

A story?

LOTTIE:

A tale of woe from distant lands? Or a limerick, perhaps, from that book in your hand?

DOCTOR:

You recognize this book?

BESSIE:

(BUSTLING OVER) Lottie, are you bothering these fine people?

LOTTIE:

I was only talking to them, Bessie.

BESSIE:

You mind you manners, or I'll throw you out – storm or no storm.

LOTTIE:

(SHUFFLES AWAY, MUTTERING) Didn't mean no harm, ay.

BESSIE:

I'm sorry about that, sir. She won't bother you again.

ARCHIE:

(SHOUTS) Come on, Bess! We want another drink!

PUNTERS:

(CHANTING) Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! (CONTINUES THROUGH:)

BESSIE:

(TO DOCTOR) Now, if you'll excuse me, they're growing restless at the bar. And they've a rare thirst when a tale's upon them. (MOVES AWAY) Alright, who's first?

(FX: CHANTS BREAK OFF INTO CHEERS, THEN EVERYTHING BEGINS TO QUIETEN)

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR) That woman with the pipe – she seemed terribly interested in that book of jokes.

DOCTOR:

She did, didn't she? You know, I do believe I'm starting to feeling thirsty...

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 43: INT. TAVERN – BAR (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

(FX: PUSHING AND JOSTLING AT BAR)

ARCHIE:

[And I tell you, Bessie, love,] when I pulled the fish out of the sea it was this big...

BALLADEER:

(SHOUTS) Hurry it along, mate!

ARCHIE:

But then it slipped out of my hands, you see...

BESSIE:

Yeah, yeah...

BALLADEER:

Come on! We're gasping here!

ARCHIE:

And to this day they say a monster with eyes of fire is seen from off this coast on stormy nights.

BESSIE:

(FX: DRAFT POURED, PLACED ON BAR) Go on – I'll give you a small draft – but only 'cos I'm in a good mood.

ARCHIE:

Ah, pour me a double, Bessie. This tale-telling is thirsty work.

(FX: RESTLESS CROWD UNDER:)

BESSIE:

When you've better tales, we'll talk of larger measures. Now, move along – there's other folk deserve a drink. (SHOUTS) Who's next?

BALLADEER:

Me!

LOTTIE:

I was in front of you...!

BALLADEER:

I've got credit, you hag, don't you go pushing in!

BESSIE:

Lottie! Back of the line! I'll serve you after paying folk.

LOTTIE:

But –

BESSIE:

And take that stinking pipe away before I throw you out into the rain! (TO BALLADEER) Usual, is it?

BALLADEER:

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Aye – thankee, Bess.

(FX: BESSIE POURING PINT THROUGH:)

LOTTIE:

(CRESTFALLEN) Well, if no-one wants to hear my story... (LEAVES)

NYSSA:

(WHISPERS) Poor woman!

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Yes, they're very cruel to her.

BESSIE:

(FX: SLAMMING PINT ON BAR) Who's next-? (TO DOCTOR) Ah, yes, the fine young folk we've not seen before. What's your poison, sir?

DOCTOR:

Oh... erm... Nyssa?

NYSSA:

I'll have a... Is that a fruit juice over there...?

DOCTOR:

(DECISIVELY) Two juices, please.

BESSIE:

Two juices coming up. (FX: HEADS OFF, POURS JUICE)

NYSSA:

(WHISPERS) What kind of juice is it?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) I've no idea. But it seems the safest bet.

BESSIE:

(FX: RETURNING – PUTS DOWN GLASSES) There you go. Two ramble juices.

NYSSA:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

How much do I owe you?

BESSIE:

Just one tale, sir, for those.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure I...

BESSIE:

Any tale you like.

NYSSA:

You mean a story?

BESSIE:

Best price you'll find in these here parts.

PUNTER:

(SHOUTS) Get a move on!

BESSIE:

Only make it quick, sir, the punters are getting restless.

DOCTOR:

A tale, yes. Umm... Nyssa?

NYSSA:

How about: 'A long time ago, on a dark and stormy night...'

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. 'A long time ago, on a dark and stormy night, two travellers came from far away and landed on a clifftop near a tavern...'

(FX: FADE UP WIND/STORM ATMOS AND SOUND OF TARDIS MATERIALISATION. SEGUE INTO:)

SCENE 44: INT. TAVERN – BAR (A FEW MINUTES LATER STILL)

(FX: THE AUDIENCE IS RAPT, MESMERIZED BY THE STORY)

DOCTOR:

... and so it was they escaped to safety with the evidence.

NYSSA:

Helped, of course, by the valiant Balladeer – who from that day on was able to make an honest trade, telling tales of his own!

(FX: SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE FROM PUNTERS)

BALLADEER:

That was a good yarn.

ARCHIE:

A rare tale, aye!

BESSIE:

(LAUGHING) It seems the drinks are on you, sir!

DOCTOR:

I'm glad you enjoyed it.

BESSIE:

And there's plenty of credit left for victuals too. What'll it be?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Oh! What have you got...?

BESSIE:

Not much – the chef's gone missing. There's a story there, of course – if only there were one to tell it! (LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:

I'm sure there is.

BESSIE:

The cold platter's very popular.

NYSSA:

That would be lovely, thank you.

BESSIE:

If you'd care to take your drinks to the nook, I'll bring your food over in a trice. And don't let that Archie drag you into playing cards with him – he's a terrible cheat.

DOCTOR:

Thanks for the advice. Come along, Nyssa.

(FX: FOLLOW THEM AS THEY WALK PAST ARCHIE & BALLADEER BETTING AT CARDS:)

ARCHIE:

Your deal, my balladeering friend.

(FX: CARDS DEALT)

LOTTIE:

(BLUNDERING IN) Excuse me, fellas...

ARCHIE:

(TO LOTTIE) Take your stink elsewhere, old woman. (COUGHS)

BALLADEER:

Ready? Turn.

(FX: CARDS TURNED)

ARCHIE:

Alright. I'll raise you a limerick and a jibe.

BALLADEER:

That's fighting talk – I have an endless store of wit, you know.

LOTTIE:

I only wanted to tell you a story...

ARCHIE:

(SNAPPING) Get out of it, before I do something I regret!

NYSSA:

(ASIDE) I hope their card game doesn't turn into another brawl.

(FX: PULLS CHAIR, SHE AND DOCTOR SIT AT NEXT TABLE)

BALLADEER:

Alright, then, Archie – I'll see your limerick.

ARCHIE:

You asked for it. 'There was an old man from Trafiska...

(FX: THESE CONVERSATIONS OVERLAP, BUT IN A WAY IN WHICH MOST OF THE DIALOGUE IS STILL CLEAR)

NYSSA:

(WHISPERS) What are they betting with? – I don't see any counters.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Poems and jokes, I think. They seem to be the currency here.

ARCHIE:

'Who sold all his clothes for a song...

BALLADEER:

That doesn't even rhyme!

ARCHIE:

'He went up to a girl and did her a twirl
And said, 'Look – it's as broad as it's...' [DOESN'T SAY 'LONG']

BALLADEER:

(LAUGHS) That's a good one, that. I wish I'd thought of it.

LOTTIE:

Buy me a drink and I'll tell you a ghostly tale.

ARCHIE:

(IGNORING HER) What can I say! You've either got it or you haven't, mate!

LOTTIE:

(WITH FEELING) It was dark in the graveyard, as dark and still as death...

ARCHIE:

Leave us alone, you old bag!

LOTTIE:

When my lover walked out on the sand...

BALLADEER:

Yeah – go on! Avaunt!

LOTTIE:

Cold, cold was his once beating heart
As the life that was ripped from his breath...

ARCHIE:

I'll ram that pipe of yours right down your throat if you don't leave us be!

NYSSA:

(ASIDE) Doctor, we should do something.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I rather think we [should]

BESSIE:

(COMING UP) (FX: SETS DOWN PLATE) Here you are, dears, a cold platter of cold delights – enjoy!

DOCTOR:

Oh! Er, thank you –

BESSIE:

(LEAVING) Don't mention it!

NYSSA:

(EXAMINING FOOD) What do you think it is?

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING FOOD) I don't know... but it's definitely cold...

LOTTIE:

(SUDDENLY) Thief!!! A thief!

BESSIE:

(COMING BACK, ANGRY) You calm down there, Lottie!

LOTTIE:

That Archie, he was taking notes on every word I said. Under the table, see!

ARCHIE:

Your worm-ridden rhymes? I wouldn't touch them with a bargepole.

BALLADEER:

Show us your hands, my friend.

ARCHIE:

I will not-!

BALLADEER:

Then I'll make you – (GRABS BALLADEER)

ARCHIE:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me-!

(FX: TABLE OVERTURNED)

(BEAT)

LOTTIE:

See! See! What did I tell you?

BESSIE:

(OUTRAGE) A plagiarist! In my tavern! Throw him out, Balladeer!

(FX: BALLADEER GRABS ARCHIE)

ARCHIE:

(SHOUTS, STRUGGLING) Get off me!

(FX: SCUFFLE UNDER:)

DOCTOR:

(CALLS) Drink, Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Drink?

(FX: DRINK KNOCKED OVER. SOAKS NYSSA)

NYSSA:

Yeauch!

DOCTOR:

I did warn you.

(FX: CROSS TO: FRONT DOOR OPENS – WIND/RAIN OUTSIDE)

BALLADEER:

(SHOVING ARCHIE) Out you go...

ARCHIE:

(OUTSIDE) Please, don't! I know a story about a talking horse!

BALLADEER:

Yeah, yeah, we've heard it all before.

(FX: DOOR SLAMS – WEATHER STOPS)

BESSIE:

Good riddance to bad rubbish.

(FX: CHEERS/ROWDINESS. CROSS BACK TO:)

DOCTOR:

Are you all right?

NYSSA:

I spilt my ramble juice, that's all.

BESSIE:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Now – are there any more plagiarists amongst you? Cos I warn you, we hold no truck with copycats here!

DOCTOR:

I think this might be a good moment for us to leave.

NYSSA:

I agree.

(FX: THEY RISE, FOOTSTEPS)

LOTTIE:

Not staying, my dears? (LAUGHS) There's many'll drown in yonder rain'll wish they stayed indoors.

DOCTOR:

Drown?

LOTTIE:

Just a joke, sir. I meant no harm. It's rare the weather kills us in these parts. (LAUGHS & MOVES OFF)

NYSSA:

Doctor, you don't think that man we found...?

DOCTOR:

I was thinking just the same. Soaked through.

NYSSA:

Maybe we shouldn't be in such a hurry to get out there again?

BESSIE:

(CALLING FROM OFF) It's a murderous night, my dears. Are you sure I can't tempt you to stay?

SCENE 45: INT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY (LATER)

(FX: WIND RATTLING WINDOWPANES AS BESSIE LEADS DOCTOR AND NYSSA OFF WOODEN STAIRS ONTO LANDING)

BESSIE:

Your room's just here, miss...

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

NYSSA:

(LOOKING) Oh – it's lovely!

BESSIE:

We've never had any complaints. (LAUGHS) And that's you, sir, just across the hallway.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

BESSIE:

No trouble at all. You've plenty of credit left from that lovely story of yours.

(FX: WIND/WINDOWS RATTLE)

BESSIE:

I hope the storm doesn't keep you awake, my dears.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure it won't. (OBVIOUS YAWN) I'm surprisingly tired...

BESSIE:

Then I'll bid you a good night.

NYSSA:

Good night. (FX: BESSIE HEADS DOWNSTAIRS)

DOCTOR:

Well, then – I suppose we'd better turn in.

NYSSA:

Not going to catch up on your bedtime reading?

DOCTOR:

What-? Oh, the joke book. (FX: FLICKS PAGES) Yes, it all seems terribly amusing. (YAWNING AGAIN) But I really am very tired.

NYSSA:

(LAUGHS) Goodnight, then, Doctor. Sweet dreams! (FX: DOOR SHUTS. FADE)

SCENE 46: INT. NYSSA'S ROOM/CORRIDOR (LATER)

(FX: SUDDEN HEAVY THUMP OF A BODY BEING DROPPED IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE – THE DOCTOR'S. NB: STORM OUTSIDE HAS ENDED)

NYSSA:

(STARTLED AWAKE) Who's there-?

(FX: OUTSIDE, BALLADEER/BESSIE PICKING UP DOCTOR, HAULING HIM DOWN CORRIDOR. FOLLOW NYSSA AS SHE GETS OUT OF BED AND CREEPS TO DOOR THROUGH:)

BALLADEER:

(OUTSIDE, HOISTING) (SOTTO) Why do I always have to do the lifting?

DOCTOR:

(OUTSIDE) (GROANS)

BESSIE:

(OUTSIDE) Sssh!

BALLADEER:

(OUTSIDE) Yeah – ssh! Or we'll shut you up for good, 'Doctor'.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Doctor...!

(FX: NYSSA OPENS DOOR – CREAK. THE SOUNDS ARE NO LONGER MUFFLED BY THE DOOR)

BESSIE:

(SOTTO) Not him – you, you fool.

BESSIE:

(SOTTO) Again. After three. One, two, three – (EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

(HOISTED) (GROANS)

(FX: BOOK DROPS TO FLOOR)

BALLADEER:

(SOTTO) Hang about – something's dropped out of his pocket. A book!

BESSIE:

(SOTTO) Leave it – we haven't time to waste. Let's just get him down to the cellars, eh?

(FX: AS THEY CARRY HIM AWAY DOWNSTAIRS:)

BALLADEER:

You do good druggin', Bess, I'll give you that. (TO DOCTOR, LOUDLY) Enjoy your ramble juice, did you, Doctor matey?

BESSIE:

Sssh!

DOCTOR:

(GROANS AGAIN)

BALLADEER:

Yeah, ssh!

BESSIE:

For Heaven's sake!

(FX: FADE)

SCENE 47: INT. CELLAR

(FX: BESSIE & BALLADEER STAGGERING IN WITH DOCTOR'S BODY. WE HEAR ALL THIS AT A LITTLE REMOVE, BECAUSE WE ARE WITH NYSSA, EAVESDROPPING)

BALLADEER:

Left a bit... right a bit... here!

(FX: THUD AS THEY DEPOSIT DOCTOR ON FLOOR)

DOCTOR:

(GROANS)

NYSSA:

(SOTTO, TO SELF) Oh, Doctor. Where have you brought us this time?

BESSIE:

Tie him up. Don't want him getting away before we've had a chance to sell him.

BALLADEER:

(TYING DOCTOR) D'you think we'll get a good price for him, then?

BESSIE:

I reckon him and his little friend have an endless store of tales. They'll be worth a fortune to the right buyer.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO, TO SELF) What does she mean, 'right buyer'?

BALLADEER:

(OFF) There, that's him trussed up. (CHUCKLES PROUDLY) Suppose we'd better go and fetch his girlfriend now?

NYSSA:

(INTAKE OF BREATH) Oh no-!

BESSIE:

Hold your horses!

(FX: CROSS TO BESSIE & BALLADEER:)

BESSIE:

Little thing like that, I can manage her alone. Best if we get on with uploading tonight's data. Come on, get yourself strapped in.

(FX: STRAPS FASTENED UNDER:)

BALLADEER:

If I must.

BESSIE:

I'd like to see you refuse. Now, put your arms into the docking harness...

BALLADEER:

It's too tight.

BESSIE:

(IRRITABLY) Stay still while I plug you into the mainframe...

(FX: SWITCH FLIPPED – WHIRRING SOUND)

BALLADEER:

(LAUGHS) Oh – that tickles!

BESSIE:

Stop being silly! You do this every night.

BALLADEER:

Do I...?

BESSIE:

Right, then. Let's see what we picked up earlier...

(FX: CLICK. DIALOGUE FROM EARLIER PLAYS OVER LOUDSPEAKER)

NYSSA:

(FROM SC 43) *'A long time ago, on a dark and stormy night...'*

DOCTOR:

(FROM SC 43) *'... two travellers came from far away and landed on a clifftop near a [tavern...]*

(FX: FROM OFF, A STIFLED COUGH – LOTTIE'S)

BESSIE:

Who's there?

BALLADEER:

I didn't hear nothing.

BESSIE:

I did. (CALLING) You, listening in by the doorway! Show yourself!

LOTTIE:

(COMING FORWARD, WHIMPERING) Don't hurt me, please. I only wanted shelter from the storm... There's ghosts and ghouls and all sorts in the storm...

BALLADEER:

It's alright, it's only old Lottie.

BESSIE:

We should kill her.

BALLADEER:

Bess-?

LOTTIE:

What-? Kill old Lottie? No, Bess, no!

BESSIE:

Ah, but who listens to her tales? Besides, that pipe'll finish her, soon enough.

LOTTIE:

(COUGHS) That's right, dearie. (COUGHS) No-one listens to old Lottie.

BESSIE:

Now, you go back up there the way you came – and remember, you didn't see nothing.

LOTTIE:

(EXITING UPSTAIRS) Thank you! Thank you!

BESSIE:

(TO BALLADEER) And as for you – you get on with uploading the rest of tonight's tales. There's traffickers from Trafiska arriving soon by sea who'll pay the best prices for some of these.

BALLADEER:

Right you are, Bess. (FX: FLIPS SWITCH) Uploading now –

ARCHIE:

(FROM SC 44) *'There was an old man from Trafiska... Who sold all his clothes for a song..*

[**BALLADEER:**

(FROM SC 44) *That doesn't even rhyme!*

ARCHIE:

(FROM SC 44) *'He went up to a girl and did her a twirl And said, 'Look – it's as broad as it's...' [DOESN'T SAY 'LONG']]*

(FX: OVER ABOVE:)

BESSIE:

And put it on sleep mode, for Heaven's sake. You'll wake up the whole house with that racket.

BALLADEER:

Right you are, Bessie. You going to fetch the girl, then?

BESSIE:

Yes, just as soon as I've done for old Lottie.

BALLADEER:

(PROTESTING) Oh, but Bess-!

BESSIE:

That old hag talks too much for my liking. (EXITS)

BALLADEER:

(UNDER BREATH) Now, where's sleep mode again...? (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED) Oh, yeah... (FX: FLICKS SWITCH - RECORDING FADES - LULLABY PLAYS AS ON CHILD'S MUSICBOX) That's nice... (SIGHS, BEGINS SNORING...)

(FX: AND BY THE TIME THE 'MUSIC BOX' LULLABY SLOWS TO A STOP, THE BALLADEER IS SOUND ASLEEP)

NYSSA:

(SOTTO, CREEPING FORWARD) Doctor? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(ALoud) It's all right - I think he's asleep.

NYSSA:

(STARTLED) Oh! I thought *you* were!

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) Ah. Well, I would have been, had I drunk the ramble juice.

NYSSA:

You knew it was drugged-?

DOCTOR:

A hint of sediment in the bottom of the glass. That's why I knocked yours over. (MOVING OVER TO BALLADEER) Yes, by the looks of this technology, we're dealing with a far more advanced race than the Irrideans.

NYSSA:

Why is the Balladeer recording everyone's stories? In fact, how is he recording them?

DOCTOR:

Some sort of brain implant, I presume. [Highly illegal, I'm sure, in a culture such as this -]

(FX: OVER THIS, LOTTIE DESCENDING STAIRS)

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) Doctor, there's someone coming down the stairs!

DOCTOR:

Quickly, we'd better hide -

LOTTIE:

(DISTINCTIVE COUGH) Don't you move on my account, m'dears.

DOCTOR:

Ah, hello Lottie. We were just-

LOTTIE:

(INTERRUPTING) He out of the picture? That Balladeer.

NYSSA:

He's asleep, yes.

LOTTIE:

Good. (PLUMMY RP FROM NOW ON - HER REAL VOICE) Then I can stop with that ridiculous accent. Honestly, it's enough to give one a sore throat.

NYSSA:

Lottie?

LOTTIE:

(CROSSING OVER TO THE MAINFRAME) It's alright, I left the innkeeper chasing my trail around the house before I doubled back.

DOCTOR:

It seems we may have underestimated you.

LOTTIE:

Most do. Now, just let me fit my pipe into the mainframe..

(FX: DOCKS PIPE IN MAINFRAME. CLICK, WHIRRING NOISE - VOICES FROM BAR SCENES DOWNLOADED AT INCOMPREHENSIBLE SPEED THROUGH:)

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR) Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Not a clue. But I think it's safe to say, there's more to Lottie here than meets the eye.

(FX: CLICK – DOWNLOAD STOPS)

LOTTIE:

There! I've waited a jolly long time for this.

DOCTOR:

For what?

LOTTIE:

Plagiarism – an ugly word for an ugly act. But stories being worth what they are on Fabula, it's mournfully widespread.

NYSSA:

Fabula?

DOCTOR:

The Planet of Tales! Of course!

NYSSA:

There's a planet of jokes and a planet of tales?

DOCTOR:

It's a big universe.

LOTTIE:

There's been a terrific push of late to stamp out this kind of illegal trafficking. Now, thanks to you, we have the evidence we need – (FX: REMOVES PIPE FROM MAINFRAME) on this memory pin.

NYSSA:

Your pipe is a memory pin?

LOTTIE:

Good disguise, eh? No one likes to get too close to a smelly old pipe, my dear! (LAUGHS) Now – if you would be so kind – the book I saw you with in the bar?

DOCTOR:

I've lost it, I'm afraid. I dropped it when they carried me downstairs.

LOTTIE:

That is a setback!

NYSSA:

I picked it up, actually. (FX: PRODUCES BOOK & HANDS TO LOTTIE) Here. Is it important?

LOTTIE:

It most certainly is! (MOVED) Alas! My poor Clive! He was the sweetest soul that ever lived. (SNIFFS)

NYSSA:

Your poor Clive? Then the dead man on the cliffs – he was...?

LOTTIE:

My life companion. We joined the force together. (FX: FLICKING PAGES) This was his book of codes. (MOVED) We wrote it long ago in happier times...

NYSSA:

I'm so sorry.

LOTTIE:

He died in the line of duty. He would have wanted it that way.. (PULLING HERSELF TOGETHER) But enough fiddle faddle! (SNIFFS) We'd better move these barrels pretty smartish or you'll be sold to privateers tonight.

DOCTOR:

The barrels? Why, what's in them?

LOTTIE:

Who knows? Beer, I should imagine. Come on! Don't dilly dally! No time for dawdlers!

(FX: BARRELS HEAVED ASIDE)

LOTTIE:

Now... (SEARCHING) My intelligence suggests there should be some sort of switch to unlock the mechanism... (CLICK) There!

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN IN CLIFF)

NYSSA:

A tunnel!

DOCTOR:

Underneath an inn. I'm guessing it must be an old smuggling route.

LOTTIE:

No time for guessing. Come on! (CALLING BACK AS SHE EXITS DOWN TUNNEL) And hurry! Bessie'll be back before you can say Jack Robinson, and then we'll all be in the soup.

NYSSA:

(TO DOCTOR) I can't help thinking, Doctor, that Lottie made a lot more sense when she was mad.

DOCTOR:

Come along, Nyssa –

(FX: THEY EXIT INTO TUNNEL. THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

(BEAT)

(FX: BESSIE COMES CLATTERING DOWN STEPS)

BESSIE:

Balladeer! Balladeer! (FX: SLAPPING HIS FACE) Wake up, you fool –

BALLADEER:

(RUDELY AWOKEN) W-whassat?

BESSIE:

That Doctor's girlfriend, she's gone – (REALISATION) – oh, and the man himself, too!

BALLADEER:

Gone?

BESSIE:

Aye, and it's not hard to see where. I take it you didn't move them barrels?

BALLADEER:

(DEFENSIVELY) How could I? I was strapped into this thing.

BESSIE:

Cease your whining and arm yourself. You follow them into the tunnel; I'll head them off at the beach!

(FX: SHE RUSHES BACK UP THE STAIRS)

BALLADEER:

(TO HIMSELF) I was having such a nice dream, too.

SCENE 48: EXT. BEACH UNDER CLIFFS

(FX: RUSH OF SEA AIR. WAVES CRASHING AGAINST ROCKS)

LOTTIE:

(EXITING TUNNEL) Fresh air at last!

NYSSA:

(EXITING TUNNEL, REACT TO BEING SHOWERED IN SPRAY) And sea. Eughh! I'm soaked!

LOTTIE:

(LAUGHS) Bracing, isn't it!

DOCTOR:

We're right on the edge of the cliffs! The TARDIS should be directly above us.

NYSSA:

It's sheer rock! How do we get to it?

LOTTIE:

Climb, my dears, climb! (EFFORT, GRABS ON TO CLIFF & BEGINS CLIMBING)

(FX: SCRABBLING AGAINST SCREE)

DOCTOR:

Nothing ventured, nothing gained. (BEGINS CLIMBING) You follow in my footsteps, Nyssa.

(FX: SHOT — SOMETHING LIKE A MUSKET CROSSED WITH A LASER PISTOL. STRIKES CLIFF BESIDE NYSSA)

NYSSA:

(BLASTED BY DEBRIS) Aaah!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa!

BALLADEER:

Not so fast, missie! (GRABS NYSSA)

NYSSA:

(STRUGGLING, CALLS) Keep climbing, Doctor! Don't wait for me.

LOTTIE:

Balladeer! Unless you want a musket ball between the eyes, let the girl go!

BALLADEER:

No way — I know your tricks!

LOTTIE:

Very well, don't say I didn't want you. (FX: COCKING LASER MUSKET)

DOCTOR:

Lottie, this isn't the way! (CLIMBS DOWN) Balladeer, let's make a deal.

BALLADEER:

A deal?

DOCTOR:

A story, in exchange for Nyssa?

BALLADEER:

What sort of story?

DOCTOR:

How about an adventure story? I have a thousand and one exciting tales from foreign lands, you know.

BALLADEER:

A thousand and one? Why, that'd make me rich!

DOCTOR:

Obviously, I don't have time to tell them all right now. But if you let Nyssa go, and lead us to safety?

BALLADEER:

We have a bargain. (RELEASING NYSSA) There you go, missy.

NYSSA:

Thank you. And thank you, Doctor.

LOTTIE:

(JUMPING DOWN) Trouble's coming.

DOCTOR:

Trouble?

LOTTIE:

There: out to sea.

NYSSA:

What is it, Doctor?

BALLADEER:

That'll be the sea monster. I've heard tell it rises with glowing eyes upon the waves and eats men whole on nights like this.

LOTTIE:

Rubbish! That's a fairy story concocted by privateers to keep people off the shore at night. You know as well as I do it's a smuggling boat.

DOCTOR:

Bessie said something about traffickers from Trafiska.

NYSSA:

It's us they want, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

Yes, and whatever tales we have to tell them. Come on – (BEGINS SCRABBLING AGAIN) – back up the cliffs, everyone.

BALLADEER:

It's easier if you use the steps.

LOTTIE:

Then why don't you show us where they are?

BALLADEER:

I couldn't do that – it's a secret.

NYSSA:

Imagine, if you rescued us – what stories you could tell.

BALLADEER:

Stories?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Anyone who aided our escape would have a ream of tales to fascinate and entertain...

BALLADEER:

Stories of my own?

DOCTOR:

Stories of your own.

BALLADEER:

(THINKING) I've never had a story of my own before...

(FX: QUICK CUT TO:)

SCENE 49: EXT. CLIFF STEPS

(FX: WIND WHIPPING UP AS ALL FOUR CLAMBER UP HANDHOLDS LEADING UP CLIFF: LOTTIE, THEN NYSSA, DOCTOR, BALLADEER)

LOTTIE:

(CALLING BACK) Come along, chaps! No time to shilly shally...!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) These aren't steps like you said, Balladeer! They're little more than handholds!

NYSSA:

Doctor, look! That boat's landing on the beach, near the mouth to the tunn— (WOBBLES) Oh!

DOCTOR:

It's alright, I've got you. It's probably best if you don't look down.

BESSIE:

(ON CLIFFTOP, SHOUTS) Balladeer? Balladeer! Did you get them?

NYSSA:

That's Bessie on the clifftop! Doctor, we're trapped!

LOTTIE:

(HISSES) Hush! If we're quiet she may not see us.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Agreed. Flatten yourselves against the rock, everyone.

BESSIE:

(SHOUTING, ABOVE) Balladeer? Where are you?

(BEAT)

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) I'm down here, Bess!

LOTTIE:

What on earth did you do that for?

BALLADEER:

She gets cross if I don't answer her. (CALLS) S'okay, Bess: I've got 'em all.

BESSIE:

(CALLS) Why are you coming up that way? You'll lose the merchandise, you fool!

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) Sorry!

BESSIE:

(CALLS) Well, I've got them covered. Bring them up!

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) Right you are, Bessie. (TO COMPANIONS) Up you go then, people!

DOCTOR:

Some storyteller you turned out to be.

BALLADEER:

What're you talking about?

DOCTOR:

First sign of competition and you relinquish copyright. This isn't Bessie's story, Balladeer! It's yours, remember?

NYSSA:

The Doctor's right: a story of your own!

LOTTIE:

To fascinate and entertain!

BALLADEER:

(IN WONDER) My own story...!

DOCTOR:

Imagine that.

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) Bessie?

BESSIE:

(CALLS, IRRITABLY) What?

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) Can I keep this story?

BESSIE:

(CALLS) Don't be so stupid!

NYSSA:

(ALARM) Doctor, the men from the boat have seen us! They're coming up!

DOCTOR:

I said, don't look down!

BESSIE:

(SHOUTS) Balladeer! Come up here at once!

BALLADEER:

(MOURNFULLY) She won't let me keep this story, she said so.

DOCTOR:

If you save us, Balladeer, you'll be the hero of this tale.

BALLADEER:

The Hero – me! (LAUGHS. THEN QUICKLY STOPS HIMSELF TO PONDER:)
Actually, I rather like the sound of that...

NYSSA:

Then help us!

BALLADEER:

I s'pose... there is another way would cut Bess out...

BESSIE:

(CALLING) Balladeer? What's keeping you? Balladeer!!!

SCENE 50: INT. TAVERN (LATER)

(FX: FADE UP BAR ATMOS)

DOCTOR:

... and so it was they escaped to safety with the evidence.

NYSSA:

Helped, of course, by the valiant Balladeer – who from that day on was able to make an honest trade, telling tales of his own!

(FX: APPLAUSE)

BESSIE:

That was a good yarn.

ARCHIE:

A rare tale!

BALLADEER:

(LAUGHING) The ramble juice, it seems, is on you, sir!

(FX: CHEER/LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR:

I'm glad you liked it.

BALLADEER:

And there's plenty of credit left for victuals too. What will it be...?

NYSSA:

Oh, well – er...

LOTTIE:

(OLD, MAD VOICE. CUTTING IN) Shame you're not staying, my dears. (IN RP. SOTTO) Best be leaving, Doctor, Nyssa.

BESSIE:

You two ain't going, are you?

DOCTOR:

Afraid so. It's time that we were on our way. Come along, Nyssa. (MOVING OFF. SOTTO) Lottie: are you sure Bessie can't recall a thing?

LOTTIE:

(SOTTO) Her memory's been downloaded into the mainframe and then wiped as punishment for her crimes. The Balladeer's the innkeeper now.

BALLADEER:

(OFF) Come on, Archie, what's your poison?

ARCHIE:

(OFF) Tell us a tale, first, Balladeer – you know we love to hear of your adventures.

NYSSA:

(SOTTO) And with stories of his own, it seems.

LOTTIE:

(SOTTO) Jolly well done all round, I think. Still, it is a shame that poor Clive never got to be the hero.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Oh, I don't know: without him, we'd never have found you. Clive started the whole thing, so in a way he is the hero.

LOTTIE:

(SOTTO) Good old, Clive. He'd have liked that.

BALLADEER:

(CALLS) Lottie, leave our poor guests alone, or I'll throw you out – storm or no storm.

LOTTIE:

(IN CHARACTER) I didn't do them any harm... I was only telling them a tale... (ASIDE/RP) This is goodbye then, chaps.

DOCTOR/NYSSA:

(ASIDE) Goodbye. / Goodbye, Lottie.

LOTTIE:

(ASIDE/RP) Until we meet again.

(FX: OPENING DOOR – HOWLING WIND/RAIN OUTSIDE)

BESSIE:

(CALLS) It's a rough night, my dears. Are you sure we can't tempt you to stay?

NYSSA:

No, thank you.

DOCTOR:

Tempting though it is, I think we'll brave the storm.

(FX: THEY EXIT. FADE OUT STORM INTO:)

SCENE 51: INT. THRONE ROOM

SULTAN:

(LAUGHS) So the Doctor escaped – again!

NYSSA:

He always escapes.

SULTAN:

(MENACING) Not from my dungeons, he won't. More, girl. Tell me more!!!

NYSSA:

(SIGHS, ABOUT TO BEGIN ANOTHER STORY. CROSSFADE TO...)

SCENE 52: INT. DEEP BENEATH THE SULTAN'S PALACE

(FX: WEAK BLEEPING OF FAILING ELECTRONIC BEACON. HEAVY DOOR RATTLES OPEN BEYOND)

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING) Ah-ha! There you are!

OLD MAN:

(ENTERING) What is it?

DOCTOR:

Half of what I've been looking for: the beacon! (STRIDES FORWARD)

OLD MAN:

This place, I remember now. All these odds and ends, the detritus of life...

DOCTOR:

Wreckage, scavenged from a crashed Gantha ship. (EXAMINING THE BEACON) Hmm. Power's failing. How long's it been here for, I wonder?

OLD MAN:

(IN HIS OWN WORLD) There was a madman. Nomads found him wandering in the desert and brought him to their Sultan...

DOCTOR:

(OBLIVIOUS) That's odd. The settings have been changed. The Gantha wouldn't have a hope of finding it on this frequency. Maybe it was damaged in transit?

OLD MAN:

He claimed to have fallen from the heavens, in a ship that travelled among the stars...

DOCTOR:

I need to find the flight recorder... (RUMMAGES & FINDS IT) Yes, here it is. Let's see now...

OLD MAN:

I had the pieces of his vessel recovered, and brought to the palace, along with this 'traveller'.

DOCTOR:

Aha! (COMPUTER BLEEPS) Yes, it seems there was an accident in transit, forcing them to crash-land...

OLD MAN:

I wanted to question him. Instead, he questioned me...

DOCTOR:

'Crew killed on impact, cargo still intact'. What cargo? What were they carrying?

(FX: PRESSED BUTTONS, COMPUTER BLEEPS)

OLD MAN:

A djinn, that's what he was. Sent by the Great Deceiver to beguile me. To steal away my soul...

(FX: COMPUTER BLEEPS)

DOCTOR:

What? I don't believe it: the idiots!

OLD MAN:

He became me, and I became the madman...

DOCTOR:

A Shanakee. They were transporting a live Shanakee!

OLD MAN:

... a madman, thrown in a cell at the imposter's command, to be forgotten by all.

DOCTOR:

It must have been looking for a way off-world ever since. That's why the beacon was still live – even on the wrong frequency – the Shanakee was using it to lure a space traveller here!

OLD MAN:

A traveller, yes...

DOCTOR:

(NOTICING THE OLD MAN AGAIN & REAPPRAISING) I owe you an apology, your highness. You were telling the truth, after all.

OLD MAN:

Was I?

DOCTOR:

The Shanakee has a very special gift. Given enough information, it can steal another person's psyche. Quite literally, become that other person!

OLD MAN:

I do not understand...

DOCTOR:

It learned all about you. And when it had learned enough, it became you. Now it's trying to do the same to me, worming its way into my psyche! But how? Where's it getting the information from?

OLD MAN:

Not where, Doctor: whom. It was my vizier, Nazar, who told the traveller all about me. He has a weakness for boasting about my achievements.

DOCTOR:

(GROANS) Nyssa! Of course. It's been draining Nyssa of the knowledge it needs, in order to escape!

OLD MAN:

Escape? But how?

DOCTOR:

Don't you see? It wants to become me, so it can steal my TARDIS!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

SCENE 53: INT. THRONE ROOM

NYSSA:

(IN MID-STORYTELLING MODE) ... but, no matter what the Doctor said, he couldn't convince the people of the city of how much danger they were in -

SULTAN:

(INTERRUPTING, IN SUDDEN PAIN) Uuuugh!

NYSSA:

What's wrong?

SULTAN:

(WEAK) Your friend the Doctor, he is most resourceful. (MORE PAIN) Uuuugh!

NYSSA:

What is it? Has something happened to him?

SULTAN:

(WEAK) He has escaped.

NYSSA:

How do you know?

SULTAN:

I just know! He is trying to interfere.

NYSSA:

Yes, he does that a lot.

SULTAN:

I cannot allow that to happen.

NYSSA:

All those stories I've been telling you. In every single one of them, someone probably said the same thing. Shall I prove it?

SULTAN:

(SOTTO) Enough...

NYSSA:

I haven't told you about the time I was with the Doctor on a world made of ice, when he-

SULTAN:

(RECOVERING) Enough.

NYSSA:

Perhaps not that one. Oh, I know. What about the time he and I-

SULTAN:

(MORE FORCEFULLY) Enough.

NYSSA:

Or our adventure in the jungles of Arcados? I can't believe I forgot to tell you-

SULTAN:

Enough! (ANGRILY KNOCKS OVER TRAY OF DRINKING VESSELS) You think I do not know what you are doing, girl? I asked you to play Shaharazad and that's just what you've been doing, isn't it? Delaying me with stories. Playing for time, while your Doctor friend-

(FX: SUDDEN WEIRD PSYCHIC POWER NOISE, FADES QUICKLY)

SULTAN:

(CONVULSES IN PAIN) Aaaagh!

NYSSA:

(GASPS IN SHOCK) What's happening to you? Your skin, your face! It's changing -

(FX: THRONE ROOM DOORS PULLED OPEN, HURRYING FOOTSTEPS)

NAZAR:

(ENTERING HURRIEDLY) My Sultan! What is wrong?

SULTAN:

(SOTTO, TO NYSSA) Sit down, girl. Quickly! My guards must not see me like this.

NYSSA:

What are you talking about?

SULTAN:

(SOTTO) Both our lives - and your Doctor's - depend on it!

NAZAR:

(COMING OVER) Has this woman hurt you? (FX: DRAWING SWORD) I shall slay her -

SULTAN:

(COMMANDING) It is nothing, Nazar. I am unharmed. Say it!

NAZAR:

(TAKEN OVER) It is nothing. You are unharmed...

SULTAN:

Exactly. Tell me, faithful Nazar, this girl – when did she and her companion enter the city?

NAZAR:

It... is a strange thing, excellency. I have questioned the wardens and each swears no one matching their description entered the city gates. However, one thinks he saw them in the spice merchants' quarter, before we caught them in the palace.

SULTAN:

The spice market. Then that is where we shall go.

NAZAR:

My sultan?

SULTAN:

I wish to see for myself this vessel in which they claim to have arrived from the heavens. And the spice market is where we shall find it.

NYSSA:

It's not there.

SULTAN:

Your blushes say otherwise.

NAZAR:

I shall personally lead your escort guard, excellency.

SULTAN:

That will not be necessary. I would be a poor ruler of men, would I not, if I could not safeguard myself in the streets of my own city against one slight girl!

NAZAR:

Indeed, o sultan.

SULTAN:

This Doctor, it... occurs to me that he may have escaped from his cell. See to it that he is found and safely returned.

NAZAR:

At once, excellency. (FX: HE RUSHES OUT)

NYSSA:

You're not human, are you?

SULTAN:

And neither are you, Nyssa of Traken. Oh yes, I know your homeworld. A most tranquil place. I am truly sorry to hear it is no more. (RISES, TAKING HOLD OF HER) Come.

NYSSA:

Let go of me!

SULTAN:

Perhaps we can both walk in its gardens again, after I have found my TARDIS.

NYSSA:

Your TARDIS? What do you mean, your TARDIS?

SULTAN:

Come.

(FX: HE LEAVES, DRAGGING HER WITH HIM)

SCENE 54: INT. DEEP BENEATH THE PALACE

(FX: FAILING BEACON AS BEFORE. COMPUTER BLEEPS; DOCTOR TAPPING ON INSTRUMENT PANEL)

OLD MAN:

This place, these devices...

DOCTOR:

Clever, isn't it? The Shanakee must have readapted some of this scavenged Gantha technology. That psychic field around your cell, for example-

OLD MAN:

A curse upon me! A magical enslavement!

DOCTOR:

Probably some kind of inhibitor field, used to pacify the Gantha's prisoners. They wouldn't even want to escape. Taking the technology that was used to capture and confine it, and turning it to its own devices. Like I said - clever. (BEAT) Yes, this should do it. - (OPERATES CONTROLS)

(FX: BEACON NOISE ALTERS IN PITCH, BECOMES SHRILL)

OLD MAN:

That sound! Turn it off!

DOCTOR:

That's what I was trying to do. (THE BEACON NOW EMITS A LOWER, MORE POWERFUL SIGNAL PULSE) Oh dear, that's not good.

(FX: CLAMOUR OF GUARDS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR OUTSIDE)

OLD MAN:

Doctor! Someone is coming! Armed men, summoned by that noise!

DOCTOR:

(REPROGRAMMING THE BEACON) I doubt it: they're too quick off the mark. I expect they've been sent by the creature in the palace above us. The same creature that's trying to steal my identity.

OLD MAN:

It knows we are here?

DOCTOR:

(REPROGRAMMING THE BEACON) My becoming aware of Shanakee's existence disrupted the psychic link it had established between us. I imagine the backlash from that must have been quite uncomfortable.

(FX: GUARDS BARGING DOOR. IT'S LOCKED)

OLD MAN:

Doctor! They are here!

DOCTOR:

But I haven't finished [this]—

(FX: THE DOOR IS BARGED PARTIALLY OPEN)

NAZAR:

(THROUGH THE GAP) There! The prisoner and the old madman! Keep pushing, men.

(FX: THE GUARDS REDOUBLE THEIR EFFORTS)

OLD MAN:

This way, Doctor! Into the catacombs! Hurry!

DOCTOR:

Lead the way!

(FX: DOCTOR AND OLD MAN RUNNING AWAY; THE DOOR SPLINTERS OPEN & GUARDS SPILL INTO THE ROOM)

NAZAR:

After them!

SCENE 55: INT. CATACOMBS

(FX: DOCTOR AND OLD MAN RUNNING)

OLD MAN:

(HURRYING) This way... no, THIS way! Quickly!

DOCTOR:

(HURRYING) You seem to know your way around these tunnels.

OLD MAN:

(HURRYING) I would be a poor sultan, would I not, if I did not know the secret by-ways of my own palace? (STOPPING) Quickly. Down here.

(FX: THEY HIDE AS GUARDS RUN PAST)

NAZAR:

We have them trapped! There is nowhere to hide!

(FX: THEY CARRY ON)

OLD MAN:

(SOTTO) That's what you think, Nazar. (CHUCKLES)

DOCTOR:

(LEAVING HIDING) I need to go back—

OLD MAN:

To those 'devices'? Why?

DOCTOR:

I haven't finished my task there. I tried to switch off the distress signal, but it defaulted into its original setting. The Gantha — the creatures I came here to stop, will pick it up. They'll come here, and—

OLD MAN:

(INTERRUPTING) This djinn you talk of...

DOCTOR:

Not a djinn: a Shanakee.

OLD MAN:

What you will. It is the creature that has stolen my life from me? And now it seeks to do the same to you?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but—

OLD MAN:

(INTERRUPTING) And your friend, who has tried to save your life, is with this djinn, and is in danger?

DOCTOR:

That's true, but Nyssa can—

OLD MAN:

(INTERRUPTING) Then there is no arguing, my friend. All within this city's walls are under its sultan's protection. This djinn has stolen away the years of my life, and I will not allow it to harm any others. (BEAT) It seeks this vessel that you travelled here in, yes? Where will it find it?

DOCTOR:

We arrived in an area to the north of the palace. The spice merchants' quarter.

OLD MAN:

I know it well. Come. These passages lead to many points throughout the city. We may still beat the djinn to its prize.

(FX: THEY LEAVE)

SCENE 56: EXT. DESERTED CITY STREETS (NIGHT)

(FX: APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLESTONES. NIGHT. CICADAS)

NYSSA:

(WALKING) Where is everybody?

SULTAN:

(WALKING) It is the evening curfew. I don't like being seen.

NYSSA:

(WALKING) So if you're not human, then what are you?

SULTAN:

(WALKING) I am something very old, and very tired of this world and its inhabitants. (STOPPING) I have been here too long. It will be good to once more feel the light of new suns on my face, and feel the earth of different worlds beneath my feet.

NYSSA:

You make this planet sound like a prison.

SULTAN:

It is, if you are as accustomed to travelling – to wandering the universe – as I have been.

NYSSA:

You sound just like the Doctor.

SULTAN:

Do I? That's excellent news: the change shouldn't be too much longer.

NYSSA:

'Change'?

SULTAN:

The TARDIS is close now. I can sense it. That, too, is good. Come. (HURRIES THEM BOTH ON)

NYSSA:

(WALKING) If you're planning on stealing the TARDIS, you should know it's impossible. Only a Time Lord can pilot it properly.

SULTAN:

(WALKING) That will not be a [problem] – Aaaagh! (STOPS IN PAIN)

NYSSA:

What's the matter?

SULTAN:

(IN PAIN) It's been so long... I had almost forgotten what it was like...

NYSSA:

What what is like?

SULTAN:

(RECOVERING, GETTING TO HIS FEET) Letting go of one life in order to assume another. My TARDIS, we're almost there now. Come!

(FX: LEAVES, DRAGGING HER WITH HIM)

SCENE 57: EXT. DESERTED CITY STREETS (NIGHT)

(FX: A STONE SECRET DOOR OPENS ONTO THE STREET)

OLD MAN:

Here we are: the Spice Market.

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING) You certainly know your secret passages! Yes, this is definitely near where we left the TARDIS. Come on, not far to go now. (MAKES AS IF TO GO)

OLD MAN:

Wait!

DOCTOR:

(STOPS) What is it? What's the matter?

OLD MAN:

You smell that? Saffron! Cinnamon! And, yes - (SNIFFS) Cumin!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, but we really should be [on our way]

OLD MAN:

(CONTINUING) Oh, such small wonders there are in the world! The feel of a cooling night breeze on the face! The singing of the cicadas! The scent of lilac and jasmine! (TAKES DEEP BREATH) Merciful One be praised! How I have missed the scent of jasmine!

DOCTOR:

I know this must be difficult, but -

OLD MAN:

(CONTINUING) And the stars! How could I have forgotten how wondrous a thing it is to look upon a skyful of stars! How... how...(HAPPINESS FALTERING, REALISATION DAWNING) Breath of Heaven, how long have I been locked away and kept away from the sight of stars and the scent of jasmine? How long, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(EVASIVELY) I'm not sure.

OLD MAN:

Your eyes betray you. How long, my friend? Tell me!

DOCTOR:

Well, according to the flight recorder: the ship crash-landed here a little under a century ago.

OLD MAN:

A century! How can this be? I was not a young man when the djinn cursed me. If what you say is true, then I must be more than a hundred and fifty!

DOCTOR:

That ship we found. It has the means to keep its captives alive longer than is natural. The Gantha don't risk losing their prize to illness or old age. The creature used it to keep you alive. I don't know why: maybe it needed your body pattern to maintain its own.

OLD MAN:

I have sons, Doctor. Wives. Daughters.

DOCTOR:

All dead, I'm afraid. The Shanakee wouldn't have tolerated competition. The best we can hope is that they died of old age.

OLD MAN:

A devil, that is what this thing is! It steals away the years of my life, murders my family, removes me from the world, and denies me a natural death!

DOCTOR:

I'd been told they were a legend, the Shanakee – that they never existed. There's certainly no evidence they ever did. No home world, no technology. The tale goes they can take on the outer form of any other species, like a new skin.

OLD MAN:

A ghul! A ghul from the deepest reaches of Jahannam! Feeding off the flesh of those who should be dead! I should have ordered its head struck from its accursed [body-] (GASPS)

DOCTOR:

(GOING TO HIS AID) Easy. I've got you.

OLD MAN:

(WEAK, IN PAIN) I feel... The years that were frozen in me... now they have returned...

DOCTOR:

It's abandoning the identity it stole from you. The link to your mind is being severed. And leaving that cell means... Well, it means I should never have taken you with me.

OLD MAN:

(WEAK, IN PAIN) You... you should go...

DOCTOR:

I'll take you back. The psychic field will keep you alive until I figure something else out.

OLD MAN:

(WEAK, IN PAIN) No, you will go. Save yourself. Save your friend. Before your years are stolen from you as mine were.

DOCTOR:

Honoured Sultan, I can't let you die!

OLD MAN:

(WEAK, DYING) You are right, my friend: you cannot let me die... even if you wanted to. A great Sultan needs no one's permission. He controls everything – how to live and when to die. I choose this moment. Thank you for setting me free, my friend. All will be well. I have the stars for company. The stars... and the blissful scent of jasmine... (DIES)

DOCTOR:

(QUIETLY) This ends tonight.

SCENE 58: EXT. SPICE MERCHANTS' QUARTER (NIGHT)

(FX: SOUND OF CICADAS, BODIES MOVING THROUGH BUSHES)

SULTAN:

(EMERGING FROM BUSHES) Ah yes... here it is.

NYSSA:

(EMERGING FROM BUSHES) Where? All I see is some old blue box.

SULTAN:

(LAUGHING) Ah, Nyssa. Always such a clever one.

(FX: KNUCKLES RAPPING ON WOOD)

SULTAN:

(KNOCKING ON SIDE OF TARDIS) Type 40 TARDIS. Obsolete, outdated... and so, so beautiful. (TO TARDIS, SOUNDING LIKE THE DOCTOR) Aren't you, old girl?

(FX: NYSSA GASPS)

NYSSA:

You sound just like –

(FX: RUSTLING OF BUSHES)

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING FROM BUSHES) Like me, yes.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

SULTAN:

Doctor. Finally, I meet you, although it feels like we know one another already.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure it does. Nyssa, just how much did you tell this creature about me?

NYSSA:

More than I imagined, it seems. What is he, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

He's a Shanakee, (TO SULTAN) aren't you? I was never entirely convinced your species existed.

SULTAN:

We are rare, that is true.

DOCTOR:

And all the harder to spot, I suppose, because of your habit of hiding yourself in other's lives.

SULTAN:

We don't just hide in the lives we take on. We live them fully. Learn from them. Live them better than those born to them. I know this to be true: I've lived many lives.

DOCTOR:

And now you want to try the life of a Time Lord? Do you intend to lock me in a cell, too, like you did with the real Sultan?

SULTAN:

I did him a kindness! I am not in the habit of taking lives, just in assuming them. It was always my intention to give him back his life. I set up the beacon to bring to me a means of escape. I never thought it would take so long.

DOCTOR:

Trapped on Earth. I know how that feels. But I can help you. Name your destination, I'll take you there.

NYSSA:

Doctor, no!

DOCTOR:

What do you say?

SULTAN:

It is a generous offer. All the more so, coming from one so similar to myself...

DOCTOR:

Then we're agreed?

NYSSA:

No, don't trust him!

SULTAN:

... but I regret, I must decline. This human life. So small, worn for too long.

(FX: WEIRD PSYCHIC POWER NOISE, RISING STEADILY IN PITCH THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

Listen... (PAINED, BEING DRAINED AGAIN)

SULTAN:

I hunger for something greater, Doctor. Greater than this small world, than this tiny human existence. Greater than all the lives I have lived...

NYSSA:

Doctor, he's changing!

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) You don't have to do this! Please.

SULTAN:

Pleading, now? You make a poor Time Lord. But there is no role I've not been able to assume, no part I've not played better than the person born to it.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) I'm not begging you, I'm warning you. Being me might not be as easy as you think.

NYSSA:

That noise, it's [excruciating]

SULTAN:

The change is upon me now!

NYSSA & DOCTOR:

(CRY OUT, OVER:)

(FX: WEIRD PSYCHIC NOISE REACHES IS PEAK — AND CUTS OUT)

(LONG SILENCE, EVERYONE'S BEEN KNOCKED TO THE GROUND. THEN...)

NYSSA:

(GROGGY, DAZED) Doctor? Doctor? Where are you?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

Nyssa? It's alright. I'm over here.

NYSSA:

(RUNS TO HIM) What happened?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

Don't you remember?

NYSSA:

I... I'm not sure... where are we?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

We came here after we picked up that beacon.

NYSSA:

The Gantha...?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

The Gantha. That's right. We've disabled it. The city is safe.

NYSSA:

I don't remember. You— you seem different...

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

I regenerated. Not long before we came here. Don't you remember that, even? You know, usually, it's me who has problems adapting after a new regeneration.

NYSSA:

Regeneration... Yes, I remember now. I think...

(FX: SEMI-CONSCIOUS GROAN FROM THE DOCTOR)

NYSSA:

Who's that?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

This poor chap lying here? A local, caught in that Gantha blast. I'll see if he's alright. (GOES TO DOCTOR, SEARCHES HIM) Yes, yes... he seems to be fine. Just a bit dazed.

NYSSA:

His clothes, they look strange.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

It's what they all wear round here, I expect.

NYSSA:

Yours look strange, too.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

You don't like my new look? Silks and sirwal trousers? Oh well, I'll find something else back in the TARDIS. (JANGLES TARDIS KEY) Shall we?

NYSSA:

I suppose.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(FX: OPENING TARDIS DOOR) Where shall we go next? How about the grand coronation of the High Hierophant of the Five Revealed Truths? Or, well, anywhere we want... (ENTERS TARDIS, VOICE FADING AWAY)

(FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES. A BEAT, THEN TARDIS DE-MATERIALISES. FADE)

SCENE 59: EXT. SPICE MERCHANTS' QUARTER (MORNING)

(FX: FADE UP. BUSY WITH LIFE. CHICKENS SQUAWKING. SHOUTS OF MERCHANTS)

STALLHOLDERS:

Dates! Figs! Fruits from Jaffa!
Silks! Silks from Damask!
Hot spices! Cool spices! All sorts of spices!

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

You! Yes, you! Get away from my stall! A thief, are you?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

(CONFUSED) I don't know. Am I?

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

No, you don't smell like a thief, and I've always got a nose for sniffing out that type. Who are you, then?

DOCTOR:

My name is - (REALISATION) I don't remember my name.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

Just another beggar, I suppose. A strange one, though, in such unusual clothes.

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

I do feel a little out of place.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

I've seen you here before, haven't I?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

I don't know. Have you?

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

You've been coming here for a few days. Not trying to steal, not even begging. And certainly not buying anything. So why do you come here?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

I'm not sure. I think I'm waiting for someone. A friend, maybe. Or looking for something I've lost. (A THOUGHT) Or had stolen from me..

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

See? Thieves everywhere. So what did you lose?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

I'm not sure. I think it might have been some kind of box. A blue box.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

Well, I haven't seen it, but if I hear anything about a missing blue box, I'll let you know.

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

Thank you. You're very kind.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

And don't I know it. Here – take this. (JANGLE OF COINS) Get yourself something to eat. You look like you need a good meal.

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

Thank you.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

(SHOUTING AFTER HIM) But don't be coming back here thinking you'll get any more!

SCENE 60: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM (LANDED)

(FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS, WIND AND CRASHING OF WATER ON ROCKS – LOUD)

NYSSA:

(VOICE RAISED OVER NOISE) Doctor? What about here?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(VOICE RAISED OVER NOISE) Interesting.. but not interesting enough. Close the door, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

(MOVING BACK INSIDE) That's what you said the last three times we landed! Aren't we ever going to leave the TARDIS?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

When we find somewhere worth seeing. Why would I settle for a rocky beach? Even if it is in the sky. (FX: TARDIS DOORS CLOSE) Nothing to see here.

NYSSA:

Then choose somewhere else! But you never do, these days. You just close the door and we leave again!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

I do not need a reason! All of time and space is out there, Nyssa. I need to find a place where I can... prove myself.

NYSSA:

Prove yourself?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

As the Doctor.

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

SCENE 61: EXT. SPICE MERCHANTS' QUARTER (MORNING)

(FX: BUSY WITH LIFE, AS BEFORE)

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

Oh, it's you again. Found your blue box yet?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

Not so far.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

Well, I haven't seen it. And I hope you're not here looking for another hand-out. Business has been slow these last few days, what with the sultan gone and stories about lights in the sky.

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

Lights?

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

Strangest thing. And now there's strangers, too – real foreign types – in the city as well. Friends of yours, maybe?

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

I don't think so.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

They're asking a lot of questions about someone. I think it's you.

DOCTOR-AS-BEGGAR:

They know me?

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

I don't think you should speak to them. They don't seem – (GASPS, SEEING THEM) Merciful One, here they are now!

(FX: 3 x SPINDLY-LEGGED, RATTLE-BONED GANTHA APPROACHING)

GANTHA 1:

Non-human lifeform detected.

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

(HARSHLY, OUT LOUD) Good-for-nothing son of a hundred desert curs! Away with you!

DOCTOR:

(BACKING OFF) Yes... thank you...

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

(HARSHLY, LOUDLY) Yes, go! Do you not see these fine foreign-looking gentlemen coming this way? Do you think they want to find a foul-smelling wretch like you in their path! (URGENTLY, WARNING) Go! Go now!

GANTHA 2:

(APPROACHING) Closing on non-human lifeform.

DOCTOR:

They are. They're looking at me!

GANTHA 1:

There! Capture it.

(FX: ENERGY WEAPON POWERED UP AND FIRED. ALARM FROM STALLHOLDERS)

DOCTOR:

(STRUCK BY ENERGY PULSE) Uuuugh. (FALLS TO GROUND, STUNNED)

WOMAN STALLHOLDER:

(SADLY) I told you to go!

(FX: GANTHA RUNNING UP)

GANTHA 2:

Specimen acquired undamaged. Scanning...

(FX: SCANNING DEVICE ACTIVATED, BARCODE-LIKE ENERGY SOUND)

DOCTOR:

(COMING ROUND) Uuuhhh...

GANTHA 1:

Urgent update: acquisition is not Shanakee specimen type! Re-determining acquisition's identity!

(FX: SCANNING DEVICE ACTIVATED, BARCODE-LIKE ENERGY SOUND)

GANTHA 2:

Species confirmed. (IN ALARM) Time Lord! He needs treatment.

DOCTOR:

Time Lord...? Treatment...? (PASSES OUT)

SCENE 62: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: TARDIS DOOR SLAMMING SHUT, TWO STEPS OF FOOTSTEPS RUSHING IN)

NYSSA:

Doctor? We can't leave them like that!

(FX: URGENT KNOCKING ON TARDIS DOOR)

CRYING WOMAN:

(OUTSIDE DOOR, MUFFLED) Doctor? Please! What will we do? Tell us what to do!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

It's time to go. Help me with the controls. Quickly, Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Help you? Why aren't you helping them?!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

Now, Nyssa!

NYSSA:

Doctor! We spent so long looking for somewhere to go, somewhere interesting enough and now you're running away?!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

The controls! We're going somewhere else. Anywhere else.

(FX: URGENT KNOCKING ON TARDIS DOOR, MORE THAN ONE NOW)

CRYING WOMAN:

(OFF, MORE URGENT) You can't leave us! They're coming back, Doctor. The monsters are coming back!!!

NYSSA:

No! I'm not leaving. I don't understand how you can. Ever since you -

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(ANGRY) Since I what?

NYSSA:

Regenerated. You don't just seem different. It's like... you're wrong.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

I am the Doctor!

CRYING WOMAN:

(CRYING) Doctor, Nyssa, please-

MONSTER:

(SUDDENLY POUNCES, AND KILLS WOMAN WITH CLAWS)

(BEAT)

NYSSA:

(SHAKEN) Did – did you hear that?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

I heard nothing.

NYSSA:

You don't even act like the Doctor anymore.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

I am better! There is no role I can't play better!

(FX: SETTING CONTROLS)

NYSSA:

Role? What are you talking about?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

You did this to me! You fooled me, made me believe, made me go to these places. Why does everyone need saving? Everywhere we go... it's the same. Why?

NYSSA:

It's what you do. It's who you are!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

This is not who I'm supposed to be! I need – need to change.

(FX: WEIRD PSYCHIC HUM – WEAK)

NYSSA:

Change?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

Change back! (PAINED) It's the only – only way...

NYSSA:

Your face, it's – Wait. Wait! I've seen this before.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(BREATHLESS, PAINED) Not enough time to prepare. Not enough energy. I can't change. I can't change back!

NYSSA:

I remember. I can't believe I forgot him. All this time.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(PAINED) I need more time!

NYSSA:

It's not time you need. It's the Doctor.

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION. CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 63: EXT. SPICE MERCHANTS' QUARTER

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION, MARKET SOUNDS OFF, TARDIS DOOR OPENING)

NYSSA:

(SHOUTING) Doctor! Doctor! (TO SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR) Come on, you.

(FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES)

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(CONFUSED) Where are we going? Wait, this place seems familiar...

NYSSA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, ADDRESSING STALLHOLDERS) You! Boy! Yes, you! Have you seen a fair-haired man, with a piece of celery in his lapel?

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

Earth. This is Earth!

NYSSA:

Celery, yes! Have you seen him? Someone must have seen him! (TO SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR) It's no use. We'll have to try another part of the city -

DOCTOR:

(CALLING FROM OFF) No need for that, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Doctor!

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

The Doctor, yes. The other me - aah! (TERRIFIED BY SIGHT OF:)

(FX: 3 x GANTHA APPROACHING, AS BEFORE)

GANTHA 1:

Non-human life forms detected.

DOCTOR:

Please, don't be alarmed. They're the Gantha. They're friends. Well, friendly, at least.

NYSSA:

Doctor! (EMBRACING HIM) I'm so sorry. I forgot you! I forgot everything about you.

DOCTOR:

I went one further and forgot myself. The Gantha helped restore me to my former self. How long were you away?

NYSSA:

Too long. He tried to change again, and then it all came back. The spell was lifted, and we came back here – the coordinates were still in the databank.

DOCTOR:

I'm very glad to hear it. I have missed you, rather.

NYSSA:

I know, it's been weeks.

DOCTOR:

For you, perhaps. It's been three years, for me.

NYSSA:

Three years!

DOCTOR:

One thousand and one nights, to be exact. And helpful as they've been, the Gantha aren't exactly the most scintillating company.

SULTAN-AS-DOCTOR:

(BABBLING) Nyssa? Do you remember that time we went to the Darhastarian Fields? No, not you. And not me. I had another face. An old face on a young man. Was that you, or me? Doctor? Doctor...? (BEGINS TO WEEP, THROUGH:)

GANTHA 1:

This Shanakee is... damaged.

NYSSA:

What's happened to him, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

It would take a Shanakee a lifetime to accumulate enough energy to change his form. He tried too early. Now, I think, he has all the memories of his lives and mine confused. He doesn't know who he is. I tried to warn him. Why did he try to change?

NYSSA:

He couldn't help. He couldn't be you. There's only one Doctor.

GANTHA 2:

He is no use to us now.

GANTHA 1:

He is no use to anyone. It would be a mercy to destroy him.

NYSSA:

No, you mustn't! I know he did something terrible, but all the same-!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa's right. Besides, I have a better idea.

SCENE 64: INT. ALIEN HOSPITAL

(FX: SOFT HUM OF MACHINERY)

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

(APPROACHING) ... maintain current treatment. We can explore psycho-surgery options if necessary, but I'd rather see how the counselling goes. We have a new arrival, I hear?

ALIEN NURSE:

Yes, doctor. Came in yesterday. (FX: BLEEP OF DATA DEVICE ACTIVATING) Species: Shanakee. Initial diagnosis: complete psychological breakdown.

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

(WITH INTEREST) A Shanakee! I thought they were a myth. Let's have a look at him, shall we?

(FX: VIEWING SLOT OPENED, QUIET URGENTLY-BABBLING VOICE FILTERING OUT FROM ROOM BEYOND)

SULTAN:

(BABBLING, DELIRIOUS) ... Agrippina 4 has seven moons, not nine, as is commonly thought. The other two are actually a mated pair of moon-sized creatures in orbit around the planet and grazing on its asteroid belt debris...

(CONTINUES UNDER SUBSEQUENT DIALOGUE:)

[Draconian emperors of the Sixteenth Dynasty: Salamanca the Third, Seetha the First, Seetha the Second, the Dowager Empress Cheelas the Wise... Brigadier Sir Alistair Gordon Lethbridge Stewart, born 1930 in Simla India, educated Holborough and Sandhurst. Has his moments, but a splendid fellow... to get to the city, you must first pass through the petrified forest, taking care to avoid the worst of Skaro's indigenous mutated wildlife... so much, so much knowledge, so many many different stories to tell... *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, published posthumously and unfinished in 1871. I have a signed and completed copy of it somewhere in the TARDIS library...]

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

Oh, he is in a bad way, isn't he? What do we know about him?

ALIEN NURSE:

Delivered by the Gantha, it says here.

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

The Gantha! It's not like them to take on charity jobs.

ALIEN NURSE:

A special job for a special client, apparently. Payment for all his medical expenses guaranteed in perpetuity.

ALIEN PSYCHIATRIST:

Someone certainly wants him looked after. And just as well. I think he'll be with us for a very long time to come. (FX: DOCTOR & NURSE WALKING AWAY, VOICE FADING) Schedule him in for tomorrow. We'll start him off gently – a brief exploratory skim across the surface of the super-ego, and maybe a peek into the id, to see what's going on in there...

SULTAN:

(STILL BABBLING) ... so many stories, so many tales to tell...

THE END